

# THE CONFUSION OF AMERICAN POLITICS. By Sydney Brooks.

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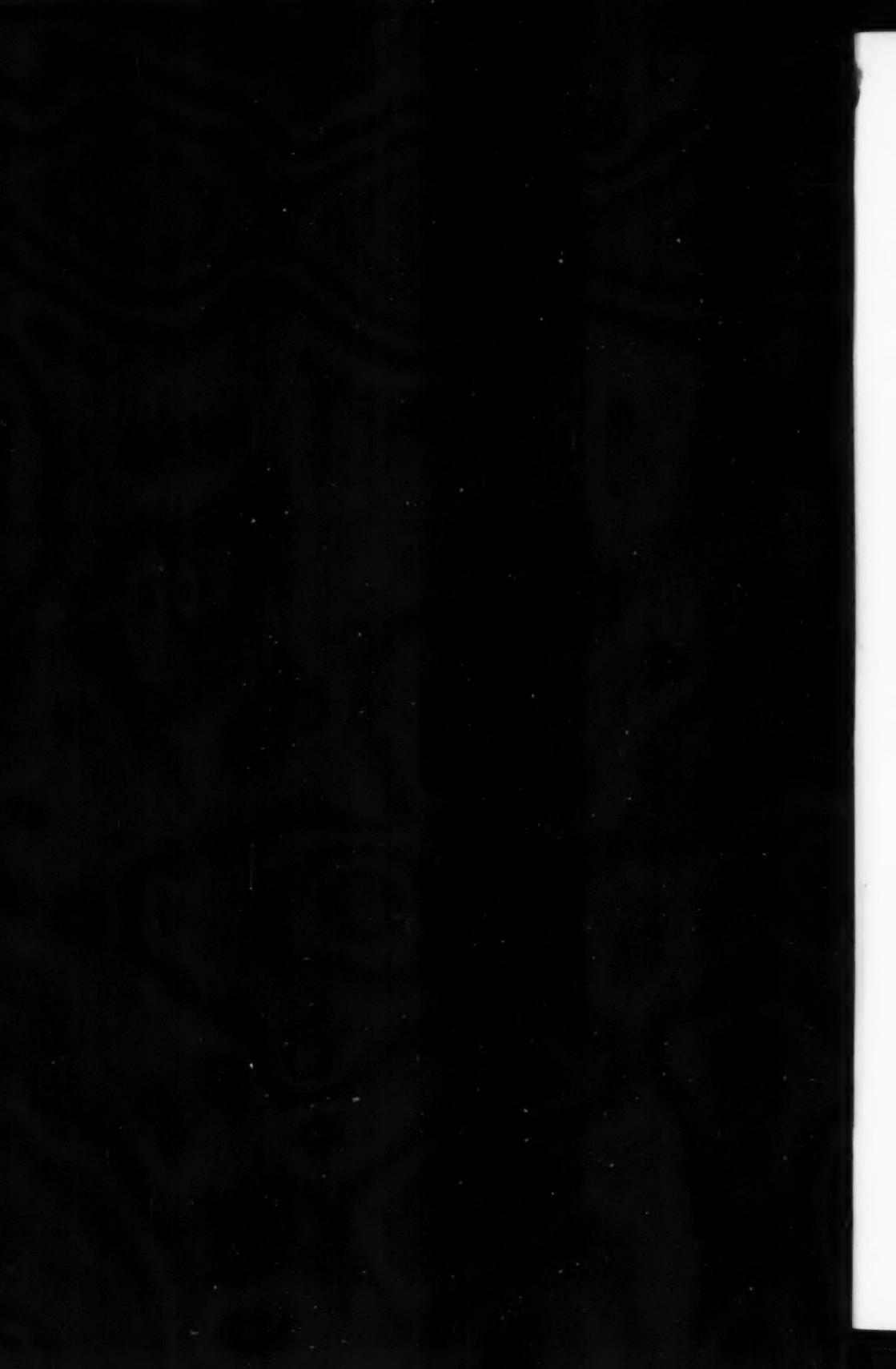
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# THE LIVING AGE.

SEVENTH SERIES  
VOLUME XLIX.

No. 3461 November 5, 1910

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VOL. CCLXVII.

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY,

6 BEACON STREET, BOSTON

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For SIX DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, THE LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, *free of postage*, to any part of the United States. To Canada the postage is 50 cents per annum.

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## SOME OLD FRENCH CHANSONS.

LOST LATIN.

As I gathered branches three,  
Of the scented rosemary,  
The nightingale, a-singing near,  
Said in Latin in my ear:  
"Men are worthless," and again:  
"Lads are worth still less than men."

They say, rosemary, wet with dew,  
That all Latin words are true;  
But to-morrow I shall stand,  
With my true love hand in hand,  
In my robe of bridal satin;  
The wise bird has lost his Latin!

## WOODEN SHOES.

As I passed thro' fair Lorraine,  
With my wooden shoes,  
Three knights met me on the plain,  
With my wooden shoes.  
They looked on me with disdain,  
With my wooden shoes.

But to see me one was fain,  
With my wooden shoes.  
For the young Prince of Lorraine,  
With my wooden shoes,  
Threw me a spray of vervain,  
With my wooden shoes.

He looked once, and looked again,  
With my wooden shoes;  
If he weds me I shall reign,  
With my wooden shoes,  
As the Queen of fair Lorraine,  
With my wooden shoes.

R. L. G.

The Nation.

## "THE POLISH RIDER."

(BY REMBRANDT.)

Does he ride to a bridal, a triumph, a  
dance, or a fray,  
That he goes so alert yet so careless,  
so stern and so gay?  
Loose seat in the saddle, short stirrup,  
one hand on the mane  
Of the light-stepping pony he guides  
with so easy a rein,  
What a grace in his armor barbaric!  
sword, battle-ax, bow,  
Full sheaf of long arrows, the leopard-  
skin flaunting below.

Heart-conqueror, surely—his own is not  
given, awhile,

Till she comes who shall win for her-  
self that inscrutable smile.

What luck had his riding, I wonder, ro-  
mantic and bold?

For he rides into darkness; the story  
shall never be told:

Did he charge at Vienna, and fall in a  
splendid campaign?

Did he fly from the Cossack, and per-  
ish, ingloriously slain?

Ah, chivalrous Poland, forgotten, dis-  
honored, a slave

To thyself and the stranger, fair, hap-  
less, beloved of the brave!

F. Warre Cornish.

The Spectator.

## SHAME.

I was ashamed, I dared not lift my  
eyes,

I could not bear to look upon the skies.  
What I had done, sure, everybody  
knew.

From everywhere hands pointed where  
I stood.

And scornful eyes were piercing  
through and through

The moody armor of my hardihood.

I heard their voices too—each word an  
asp

That buzz'd and stung me sudden as  
a flame:

And all the world was jolting on my  
name,

And now and then I heard a wicked  
rasp

Of laughter, jarring me to deeper  
shame.

And then I looked, and there was no  
one nigh,

No eyes that stabbed like swords or  
glinted sly;

No laughter creaking on the silent air

And then I found that I was all alone  
Facing my soul, and next I was  
aware

That this mad mockery was all my  
own.

James Stephens.

The Nation.

## THE CONFUSION OF AMERICAN POLITICS.

No one with any knowledge either of the man or of the present state of American politics could have expected Mr. Roosevelt, on his return to the United States, to lapse into the more or less decorative obscurity that is the normal lot of American ex-Presidents. It was plainly unthinkable that, like most of his predecessors the moment they quitted the White House, he should regard himself as a superfluity, or his career as at an end, or settle down in the ranks of the unemployed. A certain number of Americans, no doubt, hoped he might, but none of them could possibly have believed he would. Mr. Roosevelt, characteristically enough, settled the matter before he had been ten minutes on land. "I have been away a year and a quarter from America," he said in replying to an address of welcome, "and I have seen strange and interesting things alike in the heart of the frowning wilderness and in the capitals of the mightiest and most highly polished of civilized nations. I have thoroughly enjoyed myself, and now I am more glad than I can say to get home, to be back in my own country, back among the people I love. And I am ready and eager to do my part, so far as I am able, in helping to solve problems which must be solved if we, of this the greatest democratic Republic upon which the sun has ever shone, are to see its destinies rise to the high level of our hopes and its opportunities. This is the duty of every citizen, but it is peculiarly my duty; for any man who has ever been honored by being made President of the United States is thereby for ever after rendered the debtor of the American people, and is bound throughout his life to remember this as his prime obligation, and in private life as much as in public life, so to carry himself that the American peo-

ple may never have cause to feel regret that once they placed him at their head." That was a sufficiently clear intimation that Mr. Roosevelt had no thought of retiring to the tranquillity of Oyster Bay, or of setting up as "a Sage," or of hovering merely on the edge of politics, and that the place to find him in the future was the place where one had grown used to looking for him during the past fifteen years—that is to say, in the very centre of the hurly-burly and hitting his hardest, hitting indeed harder than ever, since every blow was now to be considered as a part payment of his debt to the American people.

But, with his usual circumspection, Mr. Roosevelt took time to look around before plunging into the fray. His position was not an easy one. The whole of America had followed with unceasing interest and pride his trip to Africa and his tour of the European capitals. A million people had greeted him on his return to New York with a warmth that, though local in expression, was altogether national in the fervor behind it. Thousands and tens of thousands had written to him their views of the political situation and of the line he ought to take. It was clear to everyone that the minute he stepped ashore, a turning-point had been reached in the fortunes, not merely of the Taft Administration, but of the Republican Party. It was not less clear that a year's absence had, if anything, strengthened his hold on the American people, that no one else could for a moment compete with him in popularity and influence, and that his attitude towards the men and questions of the day, for the vast majority of his fellow-countrymen, would be decisive. He had returned moreover, at a critical and perplexing time. The President, whom he had

virtually nominated himself, and whose inauguration amid every sign of popular confidence and goodwill he had witnessed before sailing for Africa, had proved a disappointment. The Administration, in spite of many admirable successes, was plainly discredited. The Republicans were divided among themselves. Those who had been the warmest in their support of the Roosevelt policies were alienated from the President, suspecting him of half-heartedness, if not of actual disloyalty, to the programme his predecessor had so resonantly preached and popularized. The Payne Tariff Act, not so much by reason of its character as a purely fiscal measure as by reason of the methods adopted in framing it, had roused throughout the country a feeling of moral resentment and disgust. In several States the prospects of the Republican Party, already compromised by internal feuds, were jeopardised by scandalous revelations of corruption. There was a plain drift of popular sentiment away from the Administration and towards the Democrats as the only practicable alternative; and in a few months a new House of Representatives had to be chosen, one-third of the Senate replaced, and thirty-three States would be electing Governors and twenty-nine of them Legislatures. Under these circumstances, what would Mr. Roosevelt do? Would he spring to Mr. Taft's assistance, bring the Insurgents to heel, and use his vast influence to consolidate the Party before the appeal to the country? Or would he endorse the Insurgents at the President's expense, openly or silently disavow Mr. Taft, "concede" the coming elections to the Democrats, and throw his whole energies into the task of reorganizing the Republican Party on a Progressive basis for the Presidential campaign in 1912?

Mr. Roosevelt announced that for two months he would have nothing to say

about politics, and that he would devote the time to taking stock of the situation. Meanwhile he resumed attendance at his desk in the office of the *New York Outlook*, wrote some articles about prize-fighting, English and American song-birds, and the problems of rural life, and made a two days' trip that developed into a public ovation to the Pennsylvania coal-fields. Politics, however, were not to be denied, and before he had been three weeks in the country, Mr. Roosevelt had issued a public appeal to the New York State Legislature to pass the Primary Bill over which the Governor was contending with the Bosses, a Bill vesting in the people, and therefore taking away from the organization, the right of nominating candidates. The appeal was wholly disregarded, and the rebuff gave an extra bitterness to the struggle, which was almost immediately begun, to appoint Mr. Roosevelt to the chairmanship of the New York State Convention. It is the function of the chairman at these Conventions to sound the note of the campaign, and as New York this year is emphatically one of the doubtful States, it was peculiarly important that the note sounded should have the right reforming ring. The "Old Guard," however, a knot of singularly unsavory machine politicians, fought the canvass for Mr. Roosevelt's nomination step by step, and by a series of intrigues that, when revealed, scandalized even the merry cynicism of New York, by suppressed telegrams, and by making it appear that President Taft desired Mr. Roosevelt's defeat, succeeded in swinging the State Committee to the side of Mr. Sherman, a politician who, if such a thing be possible, is rather below the average even of American Vice-Presidents. The Convention, at the moment of writing, has not yet assembled. When it does it will probably overrule the choice of the State Committee, and appoint

Mr. Roosevelt as its presiding officer.

Mr. Roosevelt, therefore, even before he started for the West, had shown that he had not forgotten how to make politics interesting and spectacular. But the tour to the Rockies and back which began in the last week of August eclipsed in dramatic excitement and popular fervor everything that had preceded it. When one reads of the overpowering demonstrations of affection and devotion with which he was everywhere greeted, of entire States turning out to welcome him, of men and women gathering by the hundreds in the rain at the dead of night, merely to cheer the train that bore him past, of the frenzied applause that punctuated all his speeches, one may doubt whether any man of our time has ever been honored with so magnificent a tribute. The special correspondents who accompanied him all agreed that the spirit of the cheering crowds was something very different from the spirit in which, for instance, Mr. Bryan was hailed when he first burst upon the stage of national politics. They were not there to hear a resplendent orator or to honor a national "hero" in some transient ebullition of emotionalism. They were there to greet, in the first place, one whom they felt to be above all things their friend, their champion, their one bulwark of defence against privilege and dishonesty, their leader in the troubrous times of the past, their leader in the yet more troubrous times that lie ahead in the future. There was little or nothing of mere partisanship in their reception. It was rather an instinctive and irresistible response from the heart and conscience of the "common people" to a man whose actions and character had endeared himself to their affections, and whose propaganda had touched and stirred their sense of civic and national morality. For all the boisterousness and easy familiarity that marked his tour, there was something

in it of an almost revivalist intensity. It was more than a round of political speechmaking; it had something of the aspects of a religious crusade, and of a crusade such as only America could be the scene of. I rate Mr. Roosevelt's capacity for platitudes at least as highly as he does himself, and I neither hoped nor expected that Europe would cure him. But I confess that until I read his speeches of the past few weeks I had not accurately measured the abundance of his flow of commonplace, or the quite superhuman vigor with which he could thump the cushions of his political pulpit. "I always insist upon absolute honesty and, in the second place, upon obedience to law." "I stand for the poor man until he does something that is wrong." "I will not stand for any man if he is wrong, rich or poor." "If the rich man strives to use his wealth to destroy others, I will 'clinch' him, if I can." "I shall insist upon honesty if it breaks up the biggest industry in the land." "I shall insist upon order under all circumstances." "I am against the corporation when it does wrong." "I am against the mob when it resorts to violence." "I will attack a poor man if he is crooked, and I will attack a rich man if he is crooked. I will attack the rich man more strongly, because he has abused his advantage." After many columns of such declarations as these, a feeling of repletion undeniably sets in, if one chances to belong to the sophisticated older world. But the masses of Americans take to such pronouncements with a meek avidity, and an unconsciousness that they are not the last word in human wisdom, impossible to surpass. Moreover, they know that Mr. Roosevelt means what he says, and will do what he promises. Almost all Transatlantic politics are comprised in a perennially pathetic search for honesty. In Mr. Roosevelt the bulk of the people feel by instinct

that they have found what they are always looking for. That is what makes him the power he is. That is what gives to his moralities and homilies the force of revelation. That is what made his audiences on his Western tour listen to him as a second Messiah.

But the ex-President did more than hammer home his familiar assortment of the eternal verities; he unfolded also the political programme based upon them, giving it the name of "the new Nationalism." There is nothing, however, very new in it. It is, for the most part, a re-affirmation of the policies which Mr. Roosevelt advocated as President. An impartial Tariff Commission on whose recommendations Congress is to act in revising the Tariff; the conservation of natural resources to prevent their reckless exploitation by individuals, and to preserve them to the use of the whole people; the enlargement of the powers of the Federal Government at the expense of the States to make such conservation effective; the regulation of the railways, carrying with it complete Governmental power over the issue of stocks and bonds, capitalization, rates and traffic agreements, and the right to take a physical valuation of all railway properties; the supervision of the Federal Government over all forms of Interstate business, in order to check over-capitalization, to regulate the conditions of labor and employers' liability, to obtain full publicity in regard to the workings of the big corporations, and to put an end to illegitimate issues of securities; a heavily progressive national inheritance tax; the delegation by Congress of its powers in fiscal, pension, and river and harbor legislation to special Commissions that would be exempt from local pressure, and would keep steadily in view the interests of the country as a whole; a big navy and the completion and fortification of the Panama Canal—such were the leading

items on Mr. Roosevelt's programme both in the White House and on his Western tour. Here and there he went perhaps somewhat beyond both the form and spirit of the recommendations he used to make as President. He showed, for instance, a sharper impatience with the rigidity and the legal entanglements of the American system of government. "The American people," he declared, "demands the new Nationalism needful to deal with the new problems; it puts the National need above sectional or personal advantage; it is impatient of the utter confusion that results from local legislatures attempting to treat National issues as local issues; it is still more impatient of the National impotence which springs from the over-division of governmental powers, the impotence which makes it possible for local selfishness, or for the vulpine legal cunning which is hired by wealthy special interests, to bring national activities to a deadlock." And in a yet more significant passage he laid it down that the new Nationalism "regards the Executive power as the steward of the public welfare," and "demands of the Judiciary that it shall be interested in human welfare rather than in property." More than once he criticized specific judgments of the Supreme Court as being "against popular rights, against the democratic principle of government by the people," and "in flagrant and direct contradiction to the spirit and needs of the time." Elsewhere he toyed with doctrines that are scarcely distinguishable from Bryanism, as when, for example, he declared that "we cannot tolerate anything approaching a monopoly, especially in the necessities of life, except on terms of such thoroughgoing governmental control as will absolutely safeguard every right of the public"; and again, when he talked about the necessity of only permitting big fortunes "to be gained and kept so long as the gaining and the

keeping represent benefit to the community." "This, I know," he added, "implies a policy of a far more active governmental interference with social and economic conditions than we have hitherto seen in this country; but I think we have to face the fact that such increase in governmental activity is now necessary."

The present mood of the American people, I believe, in the West especially, endorses with enthusiasm the idea of the new Nationalism, without perhaps quite realizing all that is involved in it and would follow from it, treating it rather as an emphatic declaration of war upon privilege, and being careless of how it might react upon the body politic. But in the East and among men of a conservative cast of mind, it has been received with consternation and horror, and branded as revolutionary—"a doctrine," as the New York *Sun* called it, "more nearly revolutionary than anything that ever proceeded from the lips of any American who has held high office in our Government." The exaltation of the Executive, the centralization of all power in Washington, the condemnation of the Supreme Court for that very quality of aloofness from popular turmoil and of undivided attention to legality which has hitherto been held its chief merit, and the demand for an easy and sure process of removing unfaithful and incompetent public servants—all this has impressed many minds as paving the way to autocracy. Such forebodings, at any rate in that extreme form, are probably confined to only a minute section of the American people. But there can be no doubt that his proclamation of the new Nationalism, and the consequences that would seem inevitably to flow from it in practice, has re-awakened all the old alarm and antagonism that Mr. Roosevelt's Presidency inspired in Wall Street, and among conservatives generally. I should question very seriously whether

Mr. Taft altogether sympathizes with his predecessor's latest doctrine. As a lawyer by instinct and training, and an administrator only by accident, the President is scarcely likely to approve of the tendencies of a policy which, if it could be carried out, would undoubtedly transform the framework of American Government almost beyond recognition. Mr. Taft, I should say, is nothing like so strong a Federalist or so ardent an advocate of centralization as Mr. Roosevelt, or so ready to expand the powers and opportunities of the Executive. He believes that the United States is a government of laws and not of men. One is never likely to hear Mr. Taft pronouncing, as Mr. Roosevelt recently did, in favor of a Constitution that can be easily amended, or making critical and slurring references to the Supreme Court, or calling into question any of the hitherto accepted principles and institutions of the American polity. That Mr. Roosevelt should have done all this is one more count, and a heavy one, in the long indictment preferred against him by the Conservatives. But the ex-President's tour was almost as remarkable for what he did not say as for what he did. With the whole country on edge to be informed of his precise relations with Mr. Taft, the ex-President refrained for a long while from even mentioning his successor. It was only towards the end of his tour that he came out with a tardy word of praise for the President's handling of the Tariff question, and particularly for the Tariff Commission which he wrested from a reluctant Congress, and for his success in concluding agreements with foreign countries under the maximum and minimum clause. With that exception, Mr. Roosevelt since his return to America has so far failed to be a comfort to Mr. Taft's friends. His most prominent associates have been men who are among the most active

opponents of the Administration, and the effect of his speeches in the West was to widen rather than heal the breach in the Republican ranks. They filled the Insurgents with joy, and they roused among the supporters of the Administration a corresponding disquietude and resentment. Was it fair to Mr. Taft, men asked, was it consonant with any kind of loyalty to him, that the ex-President should be thrusting his aggressive personality into the lime-light, all but ignoring the man and the friend for whose installation in the White House he was primarily responsible, serving up in a new form and as his own creations the very policies which Mr. Taft had tried, not without success, to write on the Statute Book, and accentuating Republican divisions on the very verge of a momentous election? But Mr. Roosevelt has his own ways of producing political effects, and as a rule they are amazingly successful. I prefer to wait not only until after the New York State Convention has met, but until after the elections are over, before deciding whether Mr. Roosevelt is really as unwilling as he has seemed to support and endorse Mr. Taft's Administration, and to bring the enthusiasm with which he has been welcomed back by the Insurgents to the succor of his much harassed Party.

The two men differ, of course, temperamentally as much as the late Duke of Devonshire differed from Lord Randolph Churchill; and in their respective views of the lines on which American institutions should develop, there is probably, as I have already indicated, a divergence equally pronounced. But the immediate practical objective which both Mr. Taft and Mr. Roosevelt are aiming at is essentially one and the same, however widely apart may be their methods of approach. The ex-President doubtless feels aggrieved by the treatment meted out by Mr. Taft to Mr. Gifford Pinchot, the author, in-

spired and fervent advocate of the whole policy of conservation. The Cabinet with which Mr. Taft has surrounded himself, a Cabinet for the most part of cautious corporation lawyers, is doubtless also one with which Mr. Roosevelt feels little sympathy; and very possibly it irks him to feel that the new Administration, while loyally adhering to the policies he bequeathed to it, has not prosecuted them with the driving-power and impetuous force that he himself would have thrown into the task. Yet when it comes to specific measures, it is not easy to see what there is in Mr. Taft's record that his predecessor can legitimately complain of. Nobody knows better than Mr. Roosevelt the difficulties of government. Nobody, too, is better placed than he to realize how extravagantly Mr. Taft has been blamed for his failures and how little credit he has received for his successes. I remember prophesying in this *Review* eleven months ago that while Mr. Taft would talk less and in milder tones than Mr. Roosevelt, he would probably accomplish more, if by accomplishment was meant the translation of policies into laws. The event has not proved the forecast to have been altogether inaccurate. The President himself announced on his assumption of office that it would be the main purpose of his Administration to clinch the Roosevelt policies. There was a time, when the revolt against the Payne Tariff Act was at its fiercest, when "Insurgency" stalked over the land and through both Houses of Congress, and when every Progressive classed Mr. Taft among the Reactionaries, when his failure seemed inevitable. But his fortunes rallied almost at the last moment when any rally was possible, and the session that ended in June contributed more and better measures to the Statute Book than perhaps any Congress since the Civil War—measures not one of which would have been pos-

sible but for the quiet, good-humored, persuasive persistence of President Taft. There is not one of them, moreover, with which Mr. Roosevelt is not in the heartiest sympathy, which he would not have carried through himself had he been able. None the less, there are shrewd observers who believe that a breach between the two men is bound to come, and that their old friendship and intimacy has been subjected to a strain, and in the course of the next two years will be subjected to a still greater strain, which it will be unable to withstand. The difference in tactics, methods and spirit of the ex-President and his successor is considered to be so great, even though their policies are so nearly identical, and a clash of personal and political ambitions when the Presidential election draws near is held to be so certain, that Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Taft, it is prophesied, will inevitably be forced apart, if not into active opposition. As to that I remain not so much sceptical as unconvinced.

It may be asked why if Mr. Taft has done so well, and if the difference between his policy and Mr. Roosevelt's is so insignificant, there should be all this ferment in the Republican ranks, why the Party should be not merely disorganized but convulsed, why Republicans calling themselves Insurgents, Radicals or Progressives should in nearly all the States be warring on Republicans who call themselves, or are called by others, Regulars, Reactionaries, or Stand-patters. In States as varied and as distant as California, New Hampshire, Iowa, Wisconsin, Ohio, Kansas and New York, we see the same internecine struggle in progress and in all but one with the same result—namely, that the Insurgents, or the Progressives, as Mr. Roosevelt calls them, have carried the day over their rivals. What is Insurgency? Why has it so suddenly raised its head and

spread over the Union? Wherein does it differ from the familiar views and policies hitherto held and pursued by the Republican Party? It is not too easy to answer such questions as these with any precision, but I think it may fairly be said that the immediate, but by no means the ulterior and fundamental, cause of Insurgency was the Payne Tariff Act. The palpable dissatisfaction of the American people with that Act has been hailed by English Free Traders as though it were a revolt against Protection. It neither was nor is it anything of the kind. To Protection as a principle not only the vast majority of Americans, not only the Republican Party, but also the Southern wing of the Democratic Party, are firmly committed. The Payne Tariff Act was unpopular because it was believed to amount to a betrayal of the Republicans' election pledges, and because it too palpably showed the hand of "special interests" and the impotence of the unorganized many against the organized few. It was not so much what it was as the manner in which it was framed that disgusted the country and drove a few Republican Senators and Congressmen from the Middle West to vote against it. The lobbyist, the corporation agent, the alliance between conscienceless political leadership and industrial cupidity, governed the situation and dictated the schedules. The scandal of the spectacle effectually woke the nation, and precipitated its determination to get rid not of Protection, but of its political accompaniments, to rescue the fiscal policy of the nation from the two-fold clutch of the Bosses and the big manufacturers, to subordinate it to the common welfare, to make an end, in a word, of the rule of Privilege. Americans believe that Privilege can be weeded out without endangering Protection by creating an expert and impartial Tariff Commission whose recom-

mendations will henceforward be the basis of Congressional action, and by abandoning the insensate attempt to revise a whole Tariff at a single stroke, instead of schedule by schedule. If they prove wrong in their belief they may perhaps be led on to examine the foundations of their fiscal creed from a new and more strictly economic standpoint. But until then, a moderate Protectionism may be considered the settled policy of the nation.

But the method in which the Payne Tariff Act was framed was no worse than the method in which many other Tariff Acts have been framed in American history without rasping on the popular conscience. Why should this particular measure have aroused so wide and sustained an outburst of moral revulsion? The reason is that the Payne Tariff Act was the most glaring instance in recent times of the power of Privilege, and that the American people, thanks chiefly to Mr. Roosevelt, have been steadily educated during the past ten years to look upon Privilege as the foe that must be crushed if the realities of democratic government, and of any sort of economic equality, are to be preserved. All the policies Mr. Roosevelt advocated, all his harangues on the necessity of thinking continentally instead of sectionally, all his efforts to curb the Trusts and bring them under Federal control, to regulate the railways, and to save the forest lands, coal lands, mineral lands and water powers in the public domain from being seized and squandered by private speculators, represented so many sides of a vast campaign against Privilege. Both by word and deed he popularized the doctrine that the first essential of justice and democracy is that private interests should be made to give way to the common welfare. That doctrine is to-day the one real touchstone of political faith in the United States. Those who subscribe to it and those who op-

pose it are bound together by ties that in durability and efficacy are of infinitely greater strength than the old and now outworn and meaningless affiliations of Party. Mr. Roosevelt launched issues that cut clean across the ordinary lines of Party division, and that appealed to men's deeper feelings as to what the constitution of a democratic society should be and the place that corporate wealth and vested interests should be permitted to hold in it. Such a movement as he initiated naturally attracts to itself many faddists and visionaries, and there are indeed certain aspects from which one might almost be tempted to describe Insurgency as the Republican form of Populism. It produces, too, many unlooked for and, on the surface, irrelevant results, such, for example, as the downfall of Cannonism and the renewed agitation for the direct nomination of party candidates, and the direct election of Senators by the people themselves—all of them efforts to make Congress and the organization of parties freer and more representative. But in general the question propounded to-day to every American voter is simply this: Are you for Privilege or against it? It was because Mr. Taft, by signing the Payne Tariff Act, by attacking the Insurgents, by cleaving too closely to the "special interest" leaders of his Party, and by championing a discredited member of his Cabinet who is suspected of being out of sympathy with the policy of conservation, seemed to have thrown in his lot with the Reactionaries that the people turned against him. It is because the taint of Privilege is over so many of the men who are prominent in the Republican councils that the country next month will go Democratic. It is because he has returned from Europe more than ever the foe of Privilege that Mr. Roosevelt has stepped instantly back into the moral leadership, not only of the Republican Party, but

of the American people. He might, one is almost tempted to think, by a great effort found a new party recruited from the Progressives who at present call themselves Republicans or Democrats, and so split the politics of the country into the deep and natural divisions of Liberalism and Conservatism. Probably he will not even make

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the attempt, but the speedy reconstitution of the Republican Party on a Progressive basis he will assuredly work for and bring about. To all intents and purposes it will soon be a Roosevelt Party. Will Mr. Roosevelt in 1912 be its official as well as its virtual leader?

*Sydney Brooks.*

## DR. JOHN BROWN OF EDINBURGH.

### A CENTENARY SKETCH.

Visiting Edinburgh for the first time shortly after the death of Dr. John Brown in 1882, I found the city given up to reminiscences of its beloved and honored citizen. Even the great Sir Walter had not rooted himself more deeply in the social life of "Auld Reekie" than had the author of "Rab and his Friends." The kindly old physician—the man of humor, the genial gossip, and the delightful raconteur and writer—had made a place in the romantic city which no other could fill.

People recalled his familiar figure, with the benign face and the silver hair, walking along Prince's Street on sunny days, his head turned towards the castle-crowned rock with a look of worship. He loved Edinburgh, he rejoiced in her beauty, and he knew almost everybody in the place. As he sauntered along he might have been the Duke of Wellington in Pall Mall, with his hand ever at the salute, except that with Dr. John smiles and nods and a friendly word took the place of salutes. He did not often raise his hat. "My nods," he said, "are on the principle that my hat is chronically lifted, at least to women."

His acquaintances included all ranks and conditions of people, and one might say horses and dogs also. Now a fashionable lady claimed his attention, now a learned professor, a budding

student, a cabman, or an auld wife from the Cowgate. The children of his friends hailed his approaching figure with delight, sure of a joke or something more material, and every well-bred dog in Edinburgh was on his very best behavior at sight of Dr. John. He respected and sympathized with dog nature much as he did with human beings. One recalls the stories of how, when out driving, his terrier leapt from the seat opposite to him in the carriage through the open window, and Dr. John merely remarked, "I expect he has recognized an acquaintance"; and on another occasion he said, "I have just met a deeply conscientious dog; he was carrying his own muzzle."

A hundred years ago John Brown, fourth of the line and name, was born September 22, in the old Secession Manse of Biggar. The house, a substantial double-fronted residence, pleasantly situated in South Back Road, still stands, but has become a private residence known as Strathview. There the first twelve years of his life were passed amidst the uneventful, though invigorating, surroundings of the little Lanarkshire town amongst the hills.

Let us, however, turn for a moment to consider his ancestry, of which Dr. John himself was justly proud. The family boasted no heraldic devices, and had performed no feats of arms for

king and country, but they were a godly Scottish stock, who dwelt on the high planes of thought and learning, and made their mark in their day and generation. "Our king, the founder of our dynasty," as his great-grandson described him, was John Brown, "the heroic old man of Haddington." He began life as a herd-laddie on the braes of Abernathy; taught himself Greek and much else, qualified for the ministry, endured persecution on account of his extraordinary knowledge which some narrow-spirited contemporaries thought must be of the devil, and triumphed as John Brown the minister of Haddington and author of the "Self-interpreting Bible." His great-grandson has told with what surprise and pride he found himself asked by a blacksmith's wife in a remote hamlet among the hop-gardens of Kent if he "was the son of the 'Self-interpreting Bible.'"

One of Dr. John Brown's most cherished heirlooms, which his only son, Mr. John Brown of Edinburgh, now has in his possession, is a Greek Testament which his great-grandfather obtained under romantic circumstances. While still a herd-laddie he tramped one midnight to St. Andrews, a distance of twenty-four miles, to buy a Greek Testament. The bookseller whom he consulted was inclined to laugh at the lad's ambition, but a professor who chanced to enter the shop took the coveted volume in his hand and, turning to the would-be purchaser, said, "Boy, read this, and you shall have it for nothing." The boy acquitted himself to the admiration of his friend and carried off the prize to study in the midst of his flock.

The son of the "grand old man of Haddington" was John Brown the Second, minister of Whitburn, whom his distinguished grandson has described as "fuller of love to all sentient creatures than any other human being I ever

knew . . . and forever doing good in a quiet earnest way." He was minister at Whitburn for fifty years. His son rose to fame as John Brown, minister of Broughton Place Church, Edinburgh, and was the father of the subject of this sketch, who is known to all the world as Dr. John Brown of Edinburgh.

Dr. John has given graphic descriptions of his parents and life in the old manse at Biggar in the oft-quoted "Letter" which he sent to Dr. John Cairns, his father's biographer. His father's personality fascinated him, and he dwells much on his tall, slim, agile figure, his black hair, commanding eyes, and general air of distinction. He was a master of exegesis and a preacher of profound thought and at times of fiery eloquence. He loved horse-flesh and riding, a taste which his son shared, and but for his sacred calling would hardly have resisted riding to hounds. A farmer said of him that if he had not been a preacher he would have been a cavalry officer. Ministers in those pre-cycling days rode horseback on pastoral visitations, and the good minister of Biggar on his spirited gray mare had many gratifying adventures riding over hill and dale and fording flooded streams.

After removal to Edinburgh he ceased riding, and had not been in the saddle for twenty years when he undertook an expedition with his son to see a dying friend. A member of his congregation at Broughton Place lent the horses, and, ignorant as to his revered minister's former skill as a rider, cautioned Dr. John against letting his father run risk, and provided the minister with a sedate pony named Goliath, while to the young doctor he gave his blood-chestnut. They had not ridden far before the minister asked his son: "John, did you promise *absolutely* I was not to ride your horse?"

"No, father—certainly not."

"Well, then, I think we'll change: this beast shakes me."

The change was made, and soon the minister, looking so noble and handsome, with an easy accustomed seat, was off on the chestnut like the wings of the wind.

Dr. John, jogging behind on Goliath, soon lost sight of his father. Coming up to a stone-breaker, he asked if he had seen a gentleman pass on a chestnut horse. "Has he white hair?" queried the man—"e'en like a gled's?"; and, being answered "Yes," said: "Weel, then, he's fleeing' up the road like the wund. He'll be at Little Vantage (about nine miles off) in nae time if he haud on." Dr. John did not sight his father for the rest of the journey, but on arriving at his destination found him praying at the bedside of his dying friend, with none the less power because his blood was up with the ride.

Of his mother, Dr. John records that she was "wise, good, gentle, gracious, frank, and happy-hearted." She was a daughter of William Nimmo, a surgeon in Glasgow. She died in 1816, when her son John was only five years old.

The manse at Biggar, which had been so full of family happiness and merriment, now became silent. John and his two sisters, Isabella and Janet, and baby brother William, lived under the shadow of death. The maternal grandmother ruled the household with firmness and precision; the grief-stricken father lived with his books in the study, and the children seldom heard his voice save when he was *mandating* his sermons, which he did with as much energy and loudness as when in the pulpit. John slept with his father, and often woke in the early hours of the morning to see him still sitting over his books before an empty grate.

In these days, however, John had one great enlivenment in the visits of "Uncle Johnston," his father's brother-in-

law, who came to the manse every Friday evening. He was a remarkable personality, and, though a business man, knew more Greek than the minister, as well as much other recondite lore and several European languages. His talk turned from books and theological argument to the gossip of the countryside. He knew everybody, from the laird to the mole-catcher, and related all the news at the manse. The flow of Uncle Johnston's talk is described as "like linseed out of a poke." John also derived great enjoyment from the occasional visits of his grandfather, the Rev. John Brown, of Whitburn, with whom he had much kinship in a love of animals, which the following incident illustrates: When a boy of ten John had two pet rabbits, which he had named Oscar and Livia. One evening he had lifted both these worthies by the ears and was taking them from their clover to their beds, and in doing so kissed them. The act was observed by his grandfather, walking out in the cool of the evening; and, going up to John, he took him by the chin and kissed him and then Oscar and Livia!—to the boy's intense wonder and pleasure.

So the early years of John's boyhood passed by in the manse at Biggar—doing lessons under his father's instruction, browsing freely in the library amongst poets, philosophers, and the standard romances, roaming the countryside and laying in a rare knowledge of natural objects, tending such pets as his "rhadamanthine" grandmother permitted him to keep, and sitting awestruck and impressed in the kirk on the Sabbath under his father's learned and exegetical eloquence.

At twelve years of age all was changed. His father accepted the call to the important charge of Broughton Place Church, Edinburgh, and John entered the High School of the city, the first and only school he was ever at;

and a larger and fuller life opened out before him. He proceeded thence to attend the classes at the University. There is no record of brilliant triumphs as a student but his lovable character made him a popular comrade. He cared little for sport, loved walking and reading, formed the habit which continued throughout life of committing favorite passages to memory, and delighted in the beauties of Nature, of which the romantic surroundings of "Auld Reekie" afforded him great variety.

He did not in his youthful days give any evidence of special aptitude for literary or artistic work beyond being a great reader and keen observer. His choice of the medical profession was influenced by the fact that his maternal grandfather and uncle were surgeons in Glasgow; and at the age of seventeen he was articled as an apprentice, according to the custom of the time, to the afterwards renowned surgeon, Professor Syme, and began his studies at Minto House, which the Professor had fitted up as a surgical hospital. One day into the hospital walked Rab, "with that great and easy saunter of his"; and the incidents which followed afforded the young medical apprentice a theme which rendered him more famous than did his clinical studies.

A fellow-student and his lifelong friend, Dr. Alexander Peddie, in his interesting "Recollections of John Brown," has given a graphic picture of this period. Even when an unformed youth, young Brown's sweetness of face and charm of manner endeared him to all with whom he came in contact.

**His life was gentle . . .  
Nature he loved, and next to nature art.**

He had Emerson's worship of beauty and dislike of painful sights. He was not cut out for a surgeon, and found the operating-table, in those pre-anæsthetic days, a trial to his sensitive and sym-

pathetic nature. His inclinations led him to be a physician rather than a surgeon. He had, however, a deep veneration for Professor Syme, and always spoke gratefully of the training which he had received under him.

At twenty-one he for the first time ceased to live under his father's roof and went to Chatham, where he spent two years as assistant to Dr. Martin, who had a large practice there. It fell to the young assistant to take charge of a large number of cholera cases in an epidemic which broke out, and he acquitted himself to the admiration of all the town. An interesting incident in connection with Charles Dickens arose out of this in after years. At a private dinner-party in Edinburgh the great novelist spoke of the deep impression made on his mind by the conduct of "a young Scottish doctor" during a cholera epidemic at Chatham, and told how he had ministered to the needs of a poor woman whom all had forsaken.

"That was Dr. John Brown," said one of the guests; and all eyes were turned to where Dr. John himself was sitting. Despite the felicity of this introduction Dr. John was not an admirer of the writings of Dickens, though he admitted his great genius. If Dr. John had known "his London" as well as he knew "his Edinburgh" he would have read Dickens with a new insight and relish, we fancy.

"The Letters of Dr. John Brown" (Adam & Charles Black), edited by his son and Dr. Forrest, and with biographical introductions by Elizabeth T. M'Laren, begin with the Chatham period and continue to the end of his life, and afford a deeply interesting record of his domestic life, his friendships, and tastes and pursuits.

He married in 1840 Catherine Scott M'Kay, the "Kitty" of the "Letters," a very beautiful girl, who ably seconded her husband in social life and filled their home with love and brightness—

until a long and sad illness clouded her spirits. Three children were born to them—two daughters and a son, of whom the latter alone survives. Dr. John and his wife lived first in London Street, removing in 1850 to 23 Rutland Street, Edinburgh, the house which is for ever associated with his memory. In these years he became increasingly popular as a physician. The variety of his tastes and his well-stored mind rendered him a delightful visitor in the sick-room. Dr. John's jokes and interesting talk were often the best medicine which he gave his patients. In the later years of his life many people who came to his consulting-room in Rutland Street forgot their ailments in the pleasure of shaking hands with the author of "Rab and his Friends."

After the death of his beloved wife in 1864 Dr. John's health was much affected, and during the succeeding years he had nervous breakdowns. After the marriage of his daughter, his elder sister, Isabella, came to keep house at Rutland Street, and he and his only son completed the *ménage*. Delightful glimpses of his home-life in this period are afforded by Miss M'Laren's "Dr. John Brown and his Sisters."

In this centenary year one turns to the literary side of Dr. John's career. The hours which he snatched from his profession to devote to *belles-lettres* bore the fruit which rendered his name famous. Mr. Brown tells me that his father's earliest writing was a short account of Doune Castle. He also allowed some of his views and opinions "to overflow into the 'Scotsman.'" His old fellow-student, afterwards Sir Theodore Martin, first urged him to undertake literary work. "It was impossible," writes Sir Theodore, "to see his fine faculty of observation both of men and nature, his aptness of expression, and the sweet geniality of humor that pervaded his friendly talk, and not to see in him the elements of authorship

of a high and distinctive kind. Again and again I would urge him to write, but with characteristic modesty he resisted the suggestion." It was Hugh Miller, however, then editing the "Witness," who stirred him to action by a commission for some papers with a cheque for 20*l.* in advance. He was in want of money, and low and dispirited, yet he hesitated to accept the work. His more practical wife "grabbed the money" and told him that he "must write." "Very likely, if she had not done so," he says, in a letter to his close friend and one of his biographers, John Taylor Brown, "I should have never written a word."

A selection of his papers was later published as the first series of the "Horse Subsecive" in 1858. It contained, amongst essays on Locke and Sydenham, and other philosophical and moral treatises, that gem, "Rab and his Friends," which the author, strangely enough, apologized for introducing into the collection.

The immortal story was written "on the quick," to use one of Dr. John's favorite expressions. His uncle, the Rev. Dr. Smith of Biggar, asked him to give a lecture in his native village. He had never lectured before, but was anxious to say something to the "strong-brained primitive people of my youth," and in a rare moment of inspiration he decided to tell them Ailie's story, the memory of which had never left him since his days in the Minto House hospital. Ever he saw the beautiful face of the suffering woman, heard the voice of the heart-broken carrier entreating him to tell all the world what his Ailie was, and listened to Rab whining at the hospital door. At twelve one midsummer night he sat down to tell the tale, and by four o'clock he had finished it.

He called the lecture "The Howgate Carrier, his Wife, and his Dog Rab"; but his uncle, in introducing the subject

to the Biggar audience, omitted the last word, at which Dr. John complained that his friend Rab had been grievously insulted. "There was no doubt he was a dog," he explained; "but he was a great deal more—he was Rab." Perhaps it was to make amends to the faithful creature that, when the story appeared in print, the author entitled it "*Rab and his Friends*."

One is surprised to find that Dr. John never attempted to write a novel. He used to say that manufactured conversation was beyond his powers. When urged to write "*another Rab*," he said, "That is impossible; I cannot feign these things."

His skill lay in the narration of true stories, and fit companion for Rab was his "*Marjorie Fleming*," the story of the wonderful little "maidie" whom Scott used to carry off in the neuk of his plaid from the home of her aunt, Mrs. Keith, to his house in Edinburgh, so that her quaint talk might freshen his brain when weary with much writing. The first mention of Marjorie occurs in a letter to his brother Alexander in February 1862, when, after referring to Thackeray's editing of the *Cornhill*, he says, "I am going to give him a queer bit of childlife of fifty years ago, to be called '*Pet Marjorie*.'"

Marjorie was only a hearsay memory to Dr. John, as she died the year after he was born; but the letters, diary, and verses of the gay little sprite gave the key to her wonderful nature. Marjorie had great practical philosophy and spiritual insight, but found the multiplication-table a stumbling-block and treated spelling phonetically. "The horrible and wretched plaefe (plague) that my multiplication gives me you can't conceive," she writes. "The most Devilish thing is 8 time 8 and 7 times 7. It is what nature itself cant endure." Such bursts delighted Dr. John. "Delicious!" he comments. "What harm is there in her devilish? It is strong

language merely. Even old Rowland Hill used to say 'he grudged the Devil those rough and ready words.'" Marjorie had been reading "*Esther*," and was shocked at the hanging of Haman and his sons; but she argues, "Jesus was not then come to teach us to be merciful." "This is wise and beautiful," writes Dr. John, and "has upon it the very dew of youth and holiness." Marjorie's religious opinions were as elastic as those of the Vicar of Bray. "I am a Pispalekan (Episcopalian) just now," she writes from Braehead, "and a Prisbeteran at Kirkcaldy." The maidie anticipated the arguments of the anti-woman suffragists: "Fighting is what ladies is not qualified for," she writes; "they would not make a good figure in a battle or in a duel. Alas! we females are of little use to our country."

How delightfully Swinburne, in his lines to Dr. John Brown, links his two most popular characters together when he pictures

Some happier island in the Elysian sea,  
Where Rab may lick the hand of Marjorie.

In "*Jeemes, the Doorkeeper*," published, like "*Marjorie*," in the third series of the "*Horse Subsecivæ*" and also separately, we have a study from life of the doorkeeper at Broughton Place Church, behind whose comical and rough exterior Dr. John discerned sterling qualities and even romance. We picture "*Jeemes*," with his huge nose, keen small eyes, short legs, and long blue coat, the tails of which rested upon the ground—"the imperative mood on two legs"—coming to the manse pew to summon young Dr. John to assist him with *thae young hizzies* who had been carried out fainting from the crowded church. Jeemes always had his "gully" (knife) ready to cut the stay-laces, and derived satisfaction at hearing them "crack like a bowstring." "One day a young lady was our care."

writes Dr. John. "She was lying out [in the lobby of the church], and slowly coming-to. 'Jeemes,' with that huge, terrific visage, came round to me with his open 'gully' in his hand, whispering, 'Wull oo ripp'er up noo?'"

Dr. John frequently breakfasted with "Jeemes" in his top attic in the Canongate, and over their porridge and "bickers" the whimsical old man and the cultured young doctor enjoyed

A feast of reason and a flow of soul.

Dr. John's love of art was almost as great as his love of literature. He frequently wrote art-criticisms for the "Scotsman," and his papers on John Leech and the peculiarly congenial topic of Landseer's "There's Life in the Old Dog yet," reveal him at his best. Often his own humor took the form of comic sketches, particularly of dogs, some of which greatly pleased his friends Ruskin and Thackeray. His son tells me that he was never taught drawing beyond two lessons which he once had from a drawing-master, who was taken ill and unable to continue the instruction. He was fond of sketching ruins and old fantastic trees and curiously marked rocks.

Mr. Brown also recalls his father's peculiarity in treating a new book. He would sit down to it with a paper-knife and cut open the pages, looking at them as he went along. After a comparatively short time he would lay the book aside, unless it was specially interesting. If a friend came in to see him, and mentioned the book which he had just cut open, he was often able to give a better *résumé* of it than the friend who had probably read every page. He had an extraordinary power of extracting the marrow, if there was any, out of a book.

His "Letters" reveal that Dr. John had strong likes and strong antipathies in his estimate of other writers. Scott and Wordsworth stood first in his esti-

mation of modern authors. "Wordsworth," he writes, "was a revelation to me. I read the 'Excursion' when I was eighteen, and was a different man from that time." His love and admiration for Thackeray never wavered, and on his death he wrote, "Our greatest novelist since Scott, our foremost wit and man of letters since Macaulay," and prophesied that he would live when "Dickens and Bulwer were no more." Charlotte Brontë and Emily Brontë won his profound admiration. He praised "Villette" and "Jane Eyre," but thought "Wuthering Heights" far above "Jane Eyre." Christina Rossetti's poems he thought "blossoms of thought and feeling and vision, delicious and natural as a flowery hedge-row in June." His praise of Elizabeth Barrett Browning was qualified, although he thought "Aurora Leigh" a work of the highest genius. Carlyle and Ruskin were revered masters. His antagonism to George Elliot was pronounced; he found her too clever and "disagreeably knowing"; her books "were made, not born." He has no word of praise even for "Adam Bede."

In the evening of life Dr. John recovered his gaiety of spirits and zest of living, which had for a time been clouded. His friends recall his benign figure in the familiar rooms at Rutland Street, with pictures and mementoes of the many poets, authors, and artists whose friendship he had enjoyed. At luncheon he would come in from walk or drive full of the latest news of the city to be discussed with his sister Isabella, a shrewd lady of much character, who ruled his house with precision. They were both delightful gossips, without a trace of malice, and their house was rarely without callers. Everybody who had a bit of fresh news about books, pictures or people came to Rutland Street to tell Dr. John. He always showed his friends to the door and gave them a mental stirrup-

cup of some bright beautiful thought. At times he was full of drollery, and would introduce his guests to each other by high-sounding fictitious names. Once, on the occasion of a children's party, he dressed up as a smart butler and announced the guests by awe-inspiring titles. His form will long be remembered sitting in his arm-chair in the drawing-room of an evening surrounded by books and periodicals and the evening newspaper at hand. At the entrance of a friend his tortoise-shell spectacles would be lifted to his forehead and there repose while he chatted. His beauty and serenity of countenance remained to the last.

A few weeks before his death the third series of the "Horæ Subsecivæ" was published: and coming into the dining-room one day holding up a volume

*The Cornhill Magazine.*

of the second edition, he cried out like the newsboys, "Second edition! Second edition!"

The end came after a few days' illness. He died May 11, 1882, and was buried in the Calton Hill Cemetery, in view of the hills and the city he loved so well. In the lines of Mr. Robert Richardson:

Pathos was his, a soft and lambent light  
Touching to love and tears the hearts of men;  
And humor did his will—the Ariel sprite  
Came at his call and tipped his mirthful pen.  
How long before our modern Athens know  
Spirit so blameless, heart so rare, as thou?

*Sarah A. Tooley.*

## THE SEVERINS.

BY MRS. ALFRED SIDGWICK.

*Author of "The Kinsman," etc., etc.*

### CHAPTER XV.

For some weeks to come Michael's affairs seemed to mark time. Nothing of importance happened to him or to his people. Tom and Clotilda sailed for South Africa soon after he returned to London, and in the middle of September the Severins left Carbay. Their arrival at the corner house was marked chiefly by Bob's ecstatic discovery that his parrot used language he was not allowed to use; that in fact it would say "Go to the devil!" twenty times in succession with an air of complacency and virtue that was staggering. Camilla said it would be impossible to put the cage near an open window when summer came, because if Miss Jenkins heard the reprehensible bird she would think the family had taught him; but the first time Mr. Jenkins and Mr. Henderson dropped in for a little music

they were introduced to the parrot by Bob, and forsook the piano in order to enjoy his entertaining vocabulary. Soon after this Bob went to school. His mother wept copiously at parting from him and he shed a tear or two when he parted from the parrot. Otherwise he went off in good spirits.

The household without Clotilda and Bob entered on a new phase. Clotilda had taken its gaiety with her and Bob some of its disorder. The Kremskis and Deminski were missing too. From the musical evenings the glory had departed. The two English boys who had both adored Clotilda found the place dull without her. They disliked Selma because she snubbed them and they were not of Michael's quality. So they stayed away; and others of their social calibre stayed away too. Various improvements were made in the man-

agement and appearance of the house. Two good servants were engaged, Mrs. Ginger was kept in the background, and ragged chairs and carpets were repaired or replaced by new ones. Mrs. Severin did not change her indolent, unmethodical ways. She still lay in bed till noon, still sat about, when she was not in bed, with any one who would talk to her, and still complained of having no time for what she had to do. She still muddled in and out of the kitchen and talked of "housekeeping" as if it was an art she practised, while all she really did was to order lavish supplies of food and hinder the maids by her late hours and capricious interference. But as she was good-humored and unpractical, they recognized that they might do worse for themselves, and stayed in a situation where the mistress invited knavery by her incompetence.

When letters began to arrive from Clotilda they gave general pleasure. She wrote cheerfully of her surroundings, affectionately of her husband, and descriptively of various unattached young men, both Dutch and English, who, she said, came often to the house and considered her a mother. Bob wrote cheerfully too from the school at Eastbourne, more cheerfully than the headmaster, who suggested that the average mischief and naughtiness of the youngest class had gone up with abnormal rapidity since Bob's arrival. Otherwise he thought well of Bob, and meant to put him with older and more responsible boys next term.

The only discontented person in the corner house was Selma, and she fretted herself thin and ill because Michael would not consent to her going to Paris. She had not approached him directly on the subject, but she found that her mother had promised him not to supply her with money for this purpose, and that with her son in the house Mrs. Severin was more afraid to break

her promise than to keep it. Selma heard regularly from Deminski. He saw life in Paris through rose-colored spectacles, and wrote in raptures of an atmosphere where men of wide views could breathe and come to their own. He hoped Selma would soon throw off the shackles of British Philistinism and fly towards the higher ether. He would be charmed to introduce her to his friends who were all persons of culture, amiability, and understanding; but he must warn her that Paris was not cheap. Like Roderigo, she should put money in her purse. Also she must prepare to meet the Kremskis on the old terms, for they belonged to his inner circle, lived in fact at his *pension* and did much to make his leisure hours supportable. Deminski assured Selma that once in Paris she would judge Marie in a more liberal spirit, and would not blame her for finding an occasional holiday from Kremski necessary and refreshing. Kremski was the finest fellow in the world, but indigestible as constant diet. Sometimes Deminski thought that his sufferings had affected his brain. Marie always spoke of Selma in tones of exalted admiration. Never, she declared, had she known so beautiful and intelligent a creature wasted on unworthy surroundings. Every one in the *pension* awaited her arrival with impatience, and several of the guests who were painters were quarrelling already as to who should have the honor of showing the English beauty the Parisian ropes. Deminski himself was prospering in a small way. The stuff he sent from Paris gave satisfaction at headquarters, and he hoped soon to strike for better pay.

These letters did much to increase Selma's restlessness and discontent. She wanted ardently to see Deminski again; she distrusted Marie Petersen, and hated to think of them under the same roof; she knew that she could overcome Marie's baneful influence on

Deminski if she was with them. It made her miserable to think of all that might be going on in that French boarding-house and all that she could do to stop it if she went there. She was jealous of the little frog-mouthed girl, more jealous of her than she had been of Clotilda; for she had never put much faith in the depth of her pretty sister's affection for Nicholas. She did not admit to herself that such reasons as these were paramount when she burned with hurry and eagerness to get away. She said to herself and her friends that she had learned the little London had to teach her, and that she would never do any good work now till she had worked abroad. She became languid and indifferent in the studio she attended, and one day the distinguished teacher who ran it lost his temper and told her she was wasting his time and her own. He was so distinguished that his studio was overcrowded and Selma with her airs and her vapors occupied space that could hardly be spared. She turned rather pale when the explosion came.

"Do you mean that I shall never do any good?" she asked with her air of a tragedy queen. The great man looked uncomfortably away.

"There are other arts," he suggested. "There is the stage, for instance."

She looked at him, he said later, like a wounded tiger; only no tiger ever had those haunting, melancholy eyes. But he was an honest man and knew she would never paint, so he would not retract what he had said. She packed up her traps in a white heat of anger, shook the dust of the place off her feet, and marched back to the corner house in a mood to let some one there have the full brunt of the storm gathering to a head within. She thought of her mother, but, as it happened, she collided on the doorstep with the rather tired and unsuspecting Michael. He saw as she came up the steps that she

was in a state he irreverently described as a tantrum, but when he looked more closely he perceived that it was a worse one than usual. The girl appeared wretched as well as furious, and he wondered what had happened. He had just opened the door, and he drew back a little to let her pass in before him.

"I want to speak to you," she said imperiously.

Michael, like most men, hated a scene, but he saw that he was in for one again and that he might as well get it over.

"Very well," he said, and when he had taken off his hat and coat he went into the drawing-room where Selma awaited him. In his hands he had a couple of evening papers.

"I suppose," his sister began, "that all over England men like you are coming back to their houses now in their black coats and with their evening papers, a little tired after what they consider a well-spent day?"

"Yes," said Michael, sitting down by the fire; "that describes us."

"You have spent your time . . . squeezing money out of people less strong and cunning than you are yourself . . . and you are satisfied."

"I haven't squeezed as much as I could wish to-day," said Michael. "Something went a little wrong."

"I call it a contemptible life."

"It's not a bit heroic," Michael admitted.

"Why don't you express the thought in your mind and say that you lead it for me—that, in fact, you do dirty work to keep me and other useless women in idleness?"

"You put things so unpleasantly, Selma."

"Money-grubbing is always dirty work. It enslaves and degrades."

"It tires," hinted Michael.

"A poet or an artist would hate the life you lead."

"I dare say."

"The work you do is sordid compared with theirs."

"It takes all sorts to make a world," said Michael. "The poets and artists want people like me to—"

"To patronize them. I know your jargon—and in your heart you despise them."

"Not the real ones."

"You mean that I am a sham."

"I was talking in generalities. I was thinking of—well—say Shakespeare and Michael Angelo. I don't despise them, though I do spend my days in a counting-house. A man may come to that and yet keep a humble mind. It is your artistic buffoon who is flown with wrath and vanity and contempt for his fellow men."

"I don't know any buffoons," said Selma. "I agree with Deminski about Shakespeare. He had a knack of putting commonplaces tellingly, and so the mob calls him a poet. I should expect you to take off your hat to him. But I am not here to talk generalities. I want an explanation."

"Will it wait till after tea?" said Michael.

"No. Sophia and Camilla will arrive when tea does."

"What do you want explained—in such a hurry?"

"Your attitude in regard to me—and Paris."

"Am I in an attitude?"

"I am twenty-three. You have no authority over me."

"Not the least. I know."

"Then why do you act as if your consent was necessary?"

Michael always found that in a discussion with Selma she got her adversary into a corner either by asking questions he would rather not answer or by driving him to define a position that it was painful to define. He did not wish to say that she should not go to Paris with his money or, if he could prevent it, with his mother's money,

but this was in fact the state of affairs. He had no power over her except the power of withholding supplies.

"I admit," he said, "that in the eyes of the law you are competent to manage your own affairs."

"But you disagree with the law?"

"If you go to Paris I shall."

"Oh!" cried Selma, catching her breath in her anger, "how I hate your point of view—your snug, self-satisfied conviction that nowhere out of England is there virtue. Do you really believe that there is infection in the air across the Channel, and that the stones of the Paris streets will contaminate me?"

If Michael had followed his inclination he would have run away. He was tired and wanted tea.

"There is nothing in the world so narrow, so ignorant, and so stupid as the ordinary Englishman brought up in the traditional way," continued Selma pleasantly. "I saw it this afternoon at the studio. I see it again in you."

Michael pricked up his ears.

"What happened at the studio?" he asked.

"Mauldeth told me I was doing no good. He suggested that I should give up painting and go on the stage. I have left him for ever."

Michael listened attentively now, and in a moment, her throat working with excess of emotion, her voice almost breaking in a sob, Selma went on speaking.

"In one sense it is true," she said. "I have been doing no good lately, and I have outgrown Mauldeth and his sentimentalities. I am stagnating. No—in art you can't stagnate—you go back or you go on; I have gone back. I want new inspiration—fresh help. Oh, can't you see from my point of view for once, Michael, and not for ever from your own?"

"I wonder why Mauldeth told you to go on the stage?" said Michael.

"I suppose you think going on the

stage must mean going to perdition," she cried. "It is what you would think, you—Puritan!"

"Suppose you stop calling me names and discuss your own affairs," said Michael. "Where do you propose to live in Paris, and what do you propose to do there?"

"I shall work at painting there."

"In spite of Mauldeth's advice?"

"I think nothing of Mauldeth."

"You would go into a French studio?"

"Yes."

"Where would you live?"

"In a *pension*."

"Do you know of one?"

"Yes."

"Who recommended it?"

Selma hesitated; but she was as honest as she was violent and unreasonable, and the question was too direct to evade.

"Deminski recommended it highly," she said after a pause.

"Where is he living?"

"In this *pension*."

"And you propose to go there too?"

"Why not? There are others there. You know that I do not agree with you about him."

"Do you know who any of the others are?"

Again Selma hesitated, and again she answered after a pause:

"Kremski is there—and Marie Petersen."

"I thought you had quarrelled with them?"

"They would like to make friends again."

Michael saw that his sister looked ill and unhappy, and perverse though she was, he desired to help her. But he was determined not to help her into a *pension* tenanted by Deminski and the Kremskis.

"Paris is not the only place in the world where they paint," he said at last.

"It is the only place for me."

"Why not Dusseldorf or Munich—or Newlyn?"

"You talk of what you don't understand, Michael."

"Very well," said Michael. "It is true that I know nothing of painting, or of the schools, or of your capacity. If Paris is the only place where you can work, and you are breaking your heart about it, you shall go there——"

He was interrupted by Selma, who looked up with a start of surprise, gave a little shriek of joy, and flung herself on her knees at his feet.

"But you must live with possible people," said Michael.

The glow seemed to fade from his sister's face and the eager excitement from her pose. She sat down on the hearthrug.

"You mean respectable people, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"If you knew how I hate and despise that word you would not use it."

"What word?"

"Respectable. It covers all the mean and sordid crimes society commits with a complacent countenance. I reject it with contumely."

"Do you reject my offer with it?"

"What does your offer amount to?"

"We must find some decent quiet people who will take you in for a time. Later on we can reconsider the question of your living by yourself. At present it is impossible."

"How are we to find a family that you would approve and that I could endure? It is unthinkable."

"I don't see why."

"You never can see any point of view but your own."

"Then it's obviously waste of time to argue with me," said Michael, touching the bell near him.

"You have not made any offer that I can entertain," cried Selma indignantly. "I do not recognize your authority and I have no respect for your opinions."

You judge every one by your worn-out standards. The world is moving and you do not move with it. Any one who can take such a word as respectable into his mouth except as a term of abuse lives in a backwater. The Wal-singhams and their friends are respectable, I suppose, and suit you exactly. But I consider them—insects."

"Tea!" said Michael, rather curtly, to the maid who appeared in answer to his bell; and when she disappeared he opened one of his papers. He hoped that Selma would leave him in peace now, but peace was not what she desired.

"You gave that order as if you were a King in Babylon and Ada was a slave," she began. "I suppose it is 'respectable' to speak uncivilly to girls whose poverty drives them to work for you."

Michael felt able to ignore this attack. He had never been uncivil to a subordinate in his life, and Ada served him more willingly than she served any one else in the house.

"In my opinion Ada and the cook ought to have meals with us," continued Selma. "It would be good for them and good for us. And I have been thinking that we ought to clean our own boots. Americans do. Why should we expect our fellow creatures to do such things for us?"

Michael did not offer a reply. He kept his eyes on his paper.

"Now you are uncivil to me, Michael," said Selma. "Your manners are only skin deep if you do not answer reasonable questions. Don't you think we might black our own boots?"

"No," said Michael; "but I think you might get up early and clean the grates. Why should you expect the maids to do it?"

"What are you saying, Michael?" asked Mrs. Severin, straggling into the room just behind Ada with the tea-tray. "Something about the grate? Has Selma told you that a new boiler

is wanted at once? I am afraid there will be a horrid mess here when they put it in. You will have to dine at your club once or twice."

"Where are we to dine?" said Selma.

"Oh, my dear," said Mrs. Severin, giving Michael the first cup of tea, "we can have a tinned tongue. What does it matter?"

"I think it matters just as much for me as for Michael," said Selma.

"I don't," said Mrs. Severin; "Michael is a man."

Michael looked at Camilla, who came into the room just then.

"Come here, Camilla," he said, drawing a chair for her close to his own. "Where have you been all this time?"

"I've been making Bob a cake," she said happily. "I've iced it and put 'Many happy returns' on it in pink sugar. He will be pleased. You must come and see it after tea."

"Rather!" said Michael; "and can I have some?"

"Of course not. It's for Bob's birthday next week. I had to make it today because there is going to be a mess with the stove."

"Yes, I know. You'll have no dinner, I'm told."

"There's a tinned tongue in the house," said Camilla philosophically. "You'll have to dine at the club, Michael."

"Why won't the tinned tongue do for me?"

Camilla looked rather scandalized.

"Oh, well," she said; "you're a man."

Mrs. Severin and Michael both laughed, but Selma got up angrily and went out of the room.

"It is such women as you who keep us back," she flung at Camilla as she passed her.

"What does she mean?" said Camilla.

"She is vexed because I said that Michael's dinner is more important to

him than ours is to us," said Mrs. fellow. I am sure that—for a man—Severin. "As if he could help it, poor Michael is not greedy."

The Times.

(*To be continued.*)

## SIGHT, SOUND AND SILENCE IN EDINBURGH.

One claim of the Edinburgh World Missionary Conference to be classed with works of God rather than works of man is found in the number and variety of the ends it has served. A thing of man's construction achieves—or fails to achieve—the result or results it was designed for, and rarely anything beyond. The works of God, whether produced through or apart from human instrumentality, have by-products innumerable and invaluable. Contrast the workshop tool and the grain of wheat, the landscape spread before the eye, with its wealth of uses, and the same landscape transferred to the artist's canvas. The World Missionary Conference was planned, in its human origination, to be a Grand Council for the Advancement of Missionary Science; in its deeper divine origination it was being prepared to serve a number of great ends, of which some were manifested during its sessions, others will only be unfolded, it may be, as months and years pass.

Among such unanticipated fruits of the Conference certain contributions which it has made to the psychology of religious fellowship are of far-reaching importance. By general testimony a rare intensity of spiritual fellowship—not only of feeling, but of *fellow-feeling*—was realized in its assemblies; and the conditions and processes of this realization deserve the study of all who "believe in the communion of saints" as a vital Christian verity. The psychology of the solitary soul, of the processes by which it grows, in communion with itself and its Lord, has been studied through all the Christian ages

with minute analysis; far less attention has been paid to the spiritual potentialities and conditions of fellowship, the channels and modes of influence by which heart acts upon heart when Christians are gathered "with one accord in one place." The Edinburgh Conference has made experiments, and enjoyed experiences, in this region which have permanent value for the whole Church of Christ.

Let it be realized at the outset that the attainment of any measure of fellowship in such a conference was in itself a triumph. Its 1,200 delegates were of all the communions that either proudly or reluctantly bear the Protestant name; they were of races as wide apart as the Korean, the Fin, the Negro and the Briton, and represented 180 independent organizations. It was, in fact, a more composite assembly, embracing more numerous and diverse elements, than has ever before in the world's history attempted such prolonged and intimate religious association. Yet it could spare no time to try to establish working relations by friendly ceremonial of greeting or interchange of sentiment; it did not trouble even to group its members under their several banners. It assumed among them an Inner Light of unity in the beams of which all their distinctions would fade out of view; and this assumption was wonderfully justified by the event. The Orientals and Africans took a day or two—as well they might—to learn to treat as matter of course the status of intimate brotherhood to which they were welcomed: between Anglo-Saxon and Continentals language

difficulties made fusion slower than it would otherwise have been; but the only fissure not wholly closed before the ten days were over was that which separated from the rest the High Anglicans—the latest recruits to the Conference idea. The "We and you" habit clung to their phraseology when all the rest used only the family "We"; but such sense of separateness as they occasionally gave glimpse of belonged only to their own self-consciousness, and served rather to enhance than to detract from the wonder of that true "unity of the Spirit" which triumphed over all sundering influences.

For the unity realized at Edinburgh was no mere negative obliteration of dividing lines. It was more than homogeneity, more even than harmony. It was that positive drawing together in which spiritual currents flow from heart to heart and each receives blessing from around as well as from above; that mysterious articulation in which—in spite of whatever dogmas—the many members realize themselves One Body, and attain collective experiences and powers that are beyond the reach of the soul in isolation. In a word, this medley Conference attained, in the truest sense, to *fellowship*; and any achievement in this direction deserves careful study, especially in the pages of this *Review*.

The fundamental condition of the fellowship realized at Edinburgh was that underlying oneness—oneness of faith, of purpose, of devotion—which from the outset of the Conference showed itself strong enough to keep all the diversities in due subordination. But even such unity would not of necessity have brought to pass that mystic fusion, "the communion of saints." Christian assemblies of all sorts, from class-meeting to congress, may meet, as a thousand weary memories testify, in the uttermost peace and harmony, and feel no more of the blessed unction of fellow-

ship than contiguous dry bones. Nor is it the end of the matter to say that the Wind of God must breathe if bone is to come to its bone and the units become a Body. God uses—though He does not commit or confine Himself to—channels and methods in His visitations; and when His grace has been so signally outpoured as it was at Edinburgh we cannot study too minutely the human conditions that were the vehicles of the blessing.

The sense-vehicles through which the grace of fellowship was realized in the World Conference may be classed as The Eye, The Ear, and—possibly most helpful of all—Silence.

I. The spectacle of the Conference was an appreciable aid to fellowship. The hall in which it was held had a singular feature: to an extent probably unparalleled in any other hall of the size in Great Britain, it permitted the assembly to *look itself in the face*. Its seating was so arranged that almost every one present had before his eyes (or hers), not, as in most halls, rows of backs of heads with, beyond them, the visages of a small platform group, but hundreds of the faces of fellow-delegates and visitors. And as the days passed one realized how powerfully this providential<sup>1</sup> arrangement contributed to the highest ends of the Conference, and in particular to its realization of fellowship. To one accustomed to surveying audiences from pulpit or plat-

<sup>1</sup> "Providential" is said advisedly; for in this as in various other features of the plans and procedure the divine Hand was seen in the human choice being governed to ends that the choosers did not aim at, or foresee the value of. The city of Edinburgh, for example, was an ideal location for such a conference as God designed this to be; yet it was selected long before the unique character that the Conference was to take became clear to any of its organizers. And similarly the Assembly Hall of the United Free Church was chosen as the place of meeting for reasons which proved to be of quite secondary importance; yet through the choice God was preparing for the Conference an unexpected and invaluable element of blessing. Indeed, the Conference is stamped as a work of God rather than of man not only by the unanticipated ends it achieved, but equally by its unwitting choice of the necessary means.

form, every assembly has its own idiosyncrasy of aspect, its character written on its face; and so regarded, this Edinburgh scene was as impressive as the Christian eye may hope to rest upon, until it attains the vision of the "great multitude that no man can number." The mingling of races, of nationalities, of types of religious temperament: the stamp of gravity and earnestness, of business strength and intellectual calibre: the gray heads and furrowed cheeks that suggested long histories of endurance and heroism on the mission field: the younger faces that here and there shone with light of ardent eagerness: these were some of the traits that helped to give to the Conference a physiognomy in expressive accord with its unique character. And this picture, which the plan of the hall spread before the eye continually, was subconsciously conveying its message when the attention was not given to it; and became a material factor in helping the Conference to realize itself and to carry away some worthy impression of the wonder of its unity in diversity, its world-gathered strength, its pathetic human weakness, its splendid divine potentialities.

Through Eye-gate, moreover, the Conference was not only aided to vivid realization of itself, but found close and deep fellowship of spirit made vastly easier. For the remarkable scene was not a mere still-life picture; the Conference was visible to itself in action as well as in repose. The emotions that touched it, the thoughts that swayed it, were instantly communicated. Its closeness of absorbed attention, its responsiveness as this or that chord was struck by a speaker, its feeling as it sang, its occasional smile, or shadow, its awed stillness in more solemn moments—all that the play of features in an expressive face can tell of the spirit within—was being unceasingly conveyed from every part of the assem-

bly to every other part. To estimate the value of this ocular influence in effecting fellowship it is only necessary to remember how much the face can express that the voice cannot, how much the eye can receive that the tongue does not utter. What telephone-intercourse is to hobnobbing by the hearthstone, such might the fellowship of this Conference have been had the great company been ranged in rows one behind another, related only through voice of speaker, or their common voice in song or prayer or applause, instead of by the myriad messages that face speaks to eye.

The currents of the human spirit have no better conductor than the human countenance, and no more fatal non-conductor than the back of the human head. One of the lessons of the Edinburgh Conference, whether for architects of religious buildings or for a chapel-keeper arranging seats for a prayer-meeting or class-meeting, is: "If you seek to promote true fellowship, if you wish your congregation to be not detached cells but a battery, arrange that they shall see not only the preacher or leader, but *each other*. Spiritual contagion spreads through the eye. The sight of the rest singing will help each to sing: the sight of the rest listening will help to make each listen: the sight of others moved will mighty help to move the stolidest. Do not plan things as if no inspiration could come to any but through the one figure that stands up and speaks to them; give them a chance to inspire each other, 'as iron sharpeneth iron.'" Many of our modern mission halls have been built with some appreciation of the value of letting audiences see themselves, and have reaped the benefit in attractiveness and social warmth; but an age that aspires after the full possibilities of Christian fellowship has yet much to learn in this direction. Where, according to mediæval tradition

still operative, religious exercises are regarded as a matter between the individual soul and its God, juxtaposition in worship passes for "the communion of saints," and ecclesiastical architecture builds accordingly. If we seek, however—as Methodism surely is set to do—to recover the lost art of fellowship, whereby primitive Christians were not only "in one place," but "with one accord," "many members" realizing themselves "one body," we cannot afford to neglect such lessons as the Edinburgh Conference taught concerning the Eye as an organ of spiritual reciprocity.<sup>2</sup>

II. Much may also be learnt from the Conference in regard to the promotion of fellowship through speech and song. Some of the truths in this region have long been familiar. The power of the (rightly chosen) hymn to draw hearts together into one was known even before the day of Watts and Wesley. But Edinburgh experience nevertheless has certain counsels to suggest as to the use of hymns in assemblies. (1) The Conference used singing as a frequent exercise, not a stereotyped function for the opening and close of its sessions. The spiritual possibilities of an assembly, as of an individual, need direct cultivation, and may easily be stifled under the pressure of business unless the claims of a healthy religious instinct for exercise and nurture are amply met. Seldom, therefore, did the Conference spend a full hour without resort either to hymn or prayer. (2) The hymns were chosen not with reference to the themes immediately before the Confer-

ence, but for expression of the deepest feelings of the Christian heart. Some of the moments of most intensely realized fellowship in the whole Conference were in the singing of such hymns as "Praise to the Holiest in the height," "A safe stronghold our God is still," or "Jesu, Thou Joy of loving hearts"; and the psychology of the process is not hard to trace. In the singing of hymns the soul throws off its reserve as it would never do in spoken prose—*lets itself go*, in passion of adoration, or avowal, or longing; and the sense that other souls around are sharing in this most real and intimate approach to God fuses all together as metals are fused in the electric furnace. It is not the hymns of exposition or exhortation, of surface sentiment or desire, but the deep, simple, personal hymns that will best help to give an assembly one throbbing heart. (3) The same few hymns were used again and again. This was done of necessity rather than design: for the hymnologies of England, Scotland, America, and the Lutheran lands differ so widely that to choose hymns that would appeal to the whole composite assembly greatly limited the range of selection.<sup>3</sup> But what would beforehand have seemed a disabling necessity proved a real furtherance. These few hymns became channels along which the spiritual feeling of the Conference flowed more readily every time they were sung. From the point of view of fostering fellowship in a conference or congress, sedulous search for variety of hymns is misdirected labor; the few right hymns will mean more with every repetition of them.

We need not pause to dwell on the influence for fellowship of the occa-

<sup>2</sup> It may be well to note the chief features of the Edinburgh Assembly Hall that helped the effects described. The seats on the floor were arranged round three sides of the quadrangular hall, rising slightly from centre to back. The platform was in the centre of the fourth side, projecting well toward the middle. There were galleries on all four sides, but they were all beyond, not over, the floor; and the lowest gallery level was brought as near as practicable to the highest floor level. The hall seated, at most, about 1,800, and was therefore not so large (as the Royal Albert Hall, for instance, is) that the message of the faces was lost by distance.

<sup>3</sup> There were six or eight hymns used repeatedly during the ten days, chief among them being (in addition to the three mentioned above) "Crown Him with many crowns," "When I survey the wondrous cross," and—a Scottish favorite that the Conference learned to love—"His name for ever shall endure."

sions when the whole assembly joined in spoken utterances, e.g. of the Apostles' Creed or the Lord's Prayer. This method of declaring and fostering oneness gained no new emphasis and disclosed no new possibilities at Edinburgh; rather, to the writer at least, it proved itself inferior to either united song or united silence as an instrument of spiritual unification.

It was instructive to watch the effects on the Conference of the business that mainly occupied it: namely, its discussions. One might have anticipated that discussion so serious and practical as that for which the Conference was summoned could do little for positive promotion of fellowship, and might at many points imperil it by bringing into evidence the manifold differences of conviction, experience, temperament, &c., that existed among its members. Careful observation, however, convinced the writer that these discussions were a real and important factor in establishing the fellowship-relation; and seeing that so many religious gatherings, from large conferences down to little committees, must needs spend much time in discussion, it is worth while to note the conditions that at Edinburgh helped to make that employment unifying instead of divisive. (1) The smoothness and freedom from distraction with which, through its most admirably planned machinery, the Conference was enabled to do its work was distinctly promotive of a spirit of unity. To be minding only one thing was a help toward being of one mind. (2) The concentration of attention which was so notable a feature of the Conference, and which resulted largely from the time-limit imposed on the speeches, was a further help. The seven minutes' rule acted as a sort of separator, extracting the cream of the experience and thinking of the assembly. The panoramic effect

of the rapid succession of good speeches both forbade the attention to wander and saved it, by stimulus freshly applied every few minutes, from flagging. And this universal and sustained engrossment in the common business helped the sense of brotherhood; "one accord" in this tended to accord in greater and deeper things.

(3) One fruitful source of those "jealousies, wraths, factions, parties" which are among the "works of the flesh" and lamentably thwart the operation of the Spirit in many a would-be religious gathering was as far as possible avoided at Edinburgh by sedulously subordinating the *personnel* of the Conference to its subject-matter. The World Conference was, indeed, less exposed to this peril than many other gatherings are; for the conception of the Conference was more striking than the most distinguished personality attending it, the spectacle of that delightful medley of races, tongues, and Churches had a fascination that eclipsed that of the most remarkable elements composing it. But in addition the proceedings were so conducted as to withdraw attention from persons and organizations and to fix it on the great unifying theme and purpose of the Conference. Wide differences of association and conviction, of preference and habit, are no bar to intimate spiritual fellowship; it is only when they are infused with partisanship of persons and organizations that they impose aloofness. In conferences of all sorts these personal elements tend to be obtrusive and disturbing; but the World Conference showed how much may be done to keep them in the background, and what blessed results attend such suppression.

(4) The provision (extending to a full hour of each day) made for associating direct spiritual exercises with the discussions was of the utmost value in fostering fellowship; kept near to God,

the delegates realized their nearness to one another.

(5) A crowning advantage which the Conference had was that its great theme was the most unifying that Christian people can devote themselves to. In survey of world-need, world-movement, world-potentiality, and in taking counsel for the fulfilment of Christ's great world-commission, the Conference was as far removed as might be from the things that divide Christians, and was brought as near as might be to the mind of God, to the heart of the world's Redeemer. The assembly itself was a crowning illustration of the pregnant fact that foreign missions offer the platform on which Christians of all types can most readily come together and most harmoniously remain together.

(6) Yet it must not be supposed that any or all of these helps to unity served to annul, or perhaps even appreciably to reduce, the differences of deep conviction—differences, in some cases, concerning fundamentals—which were known to exist in so widely comprehensive an assembly; and study of the discussions from the point of view of fellowship would be incomplete without examining the effect of these profound differences upon the situation. The Conference had sought to guard itself against the peril to which they exposed it by a self-denying ordinance ruling out of the discussions all questions of doctrine and polity on which the delegates were divided. Such a rule is easier to lay down than to observe or enforce; for considerations of doctrine and polity merge subtly one into another, and argument may be by implication as well as by utterance. If the Conference had had to depend on the ruling of the chair, or on protests from the floor, for the avoidance of divisive subjects, its standing order would have given little protection against the growth of "jealousy and

strife."<sup>4</sup> Probably every one in the Conference at some moment or other regarded some one else as trespassing, wittingly or unwittingly, across the line; and on one or two occasions there was some real danger of the differences emerging so far as to develop discord. It was the instinct of Christian brotherliness that saved the situation, rather than the formal rule. Indeed, the discussions as a whole exhibited impressively how the spirit of fellowship, when it has taken hold on an assembly, will prevail, not to reconcile, but to disarm of injury the most serious divergencies of view. The spiritual atmosphere at Edinburgh made every one considerate of the feelings of the rest. The delights the Conference was enjoying in common were too precious to be sacrificed to controversy. The realization of the great uniting things was so rich a feast, that the things all could not share, however vital they might still be deemed, must wait their place and time. There was nothing in the discussions to reduce straightway the number of Christian sects and systems, nothing to lead any delegate to abandon any of his positive convictions; but there was much to change his attitude towards the convictions of others. In the light of the fellowship that prevailed unforgettable lessons were being learned: that communion is more blessed and more fruitful than controversy; how easy, and how serious, it is to wound a brother "for whom Christ died"; that even the errors that look most pernicious or egregious may somehow consist with true life in Christ, true saintliness and usefulness. "Things can never be the same again" was ut-

<sup>4</sup>The writer must not be taken as considering such a standing order useless. On the contrary, it was of the greatest value, and offers a sound guiding principle for future interdenominational conference and action. It formed the only basis on which such a conference could be convened; it guided the preparations along practical lines, and during the sessions it kept before all minds a standard of propriety which steadily operated to keep the discussions within bounds.

tered and echoed at Edinburgh in many connections, and in none more appropriately than here.

III. The most distinctive contribution which the Edinburgh Conference made to the art of Christian fellowship was its revelation of the possibilities of *united silence*. "When this assembly prays," wrote Dr. Horton, "it is the most overwhelming revelation of spiritual power that I have ever experienced"; and it was in its silent prayers that the climax was reached. "The silences of the Conference were more to me than any of its speeches," wrote another delegate; and a New Testament scholar of high repute noted "the devotional use of silence in the Conference as a contribution of the first order to the Church's resources for united worship and united intercession."

The subject demands exposition; for though "My soul, be thou silent unto God" has probably throughout man's religious history been an instinctive mode of worship and prayer for the individual soul, the use of silence in collective worship has not been widely cultivated, or found especially profitable. Indeed, the possibility of it might be plausibly challenged. "In the nature of the case silence means solitude; united silence is a contradiction in terms. When my eyes are closed and my ears empty of sound, though ten or ten thousand people are about me I am a solitary soul and my access to God is solitary communion, not fellowship with others." So it might be argued; and the contention would gain support from the memory of various occasions when, in some prayer-meeting or other service, we have been directed to "spend a few moments in silent prayer," with the result that we were practically scattered—with more or less profit, as the case might be—to the several chambers of our solitary waiting upon God. It is doubtless owing to such experiences that the practice of silent prayer in re-

ligious gatherings, though not seldom tentatively adopted, has not become general or habitual. But the Edinburgh Conference<sup>8</sup> proved that silence need not impose aloofness, but, on the contrary, under proper ordering, may become the medium of closer spiritual union than can be attained through words.

What was the secret? It was that silence, to become a bond of fellowship, must be *directed* silence. The company, instead of being dismissed, as it were, to their several solitudes, must have their thought and feeling specifically directed to the successive themes of the meditation, aspiration, praise, intercession, &c., in which they are silently to engage. The exercise so ordered was found at Edinburgh to have psychological effects surpassing all that could have been anticipated by those who were newly introduced to it. The impressiveness of a deep hush falling on a great assembly is a familiar enough observation; but the sensations of this "directed silence" were as far removed from the thrill of such sudden stillness as from the loneliness of "a few moments of silent prayer." Indeed, the soul was too much occupied during these silences to listen to the stillness, and too conscious of sharing in a collective act to feel withdrawn. What was realized rather was a transcending of the encumbrances that attend bodily sight and sound, and the limitations of words that can be uttered, and thereby a union as of disembodied spirits, worshipping or pleading in a unison unattainable through organs of sense.

It is a familiar experience of the private devotions of the Christian that his adoration and his petitions alike soon overflow the channels of language, so

<sup>8</sup> The Edinburgh Conference owed much to experience gained in the conferences of the Student Movement, but it both advanced on the attainments of the Student conferences and established their value for a wider constituency.

that his truest speech with God becomes speech without words. And it is a familiar experience of public devotions that the voice of one acting as mouthpiece for the whole assembly, though at times it may blessedly unite all hearts and lead them to the mercy-seat, at other times hinders rather than helps, from discrepancy with the unspoken prayer that is rising from the hearts of the company. In the silences at Edinburgh that consummation of private devotion was attained, with the overwhelming enhancement of a sense that a multitude of surrounding hearts were attaining it also. Each soul entering into its chamber and seeking, finding God in the solemn awe and rapt reality that attend that sole, silent communion, and yet each soul intimately subconscious of union with a great company of others in the same attitude and act: each soul praying with the concentration and the fervor that are inarticulate because utterance is transcended, yet hearing with an inward ear a great volume of the same petition going up from neighboring and kindred hearts—there was in such silences both an intense realization of fellowship and an awe-inspiring sense of access to God that words of a spokesman or of a liturgy can seldom bring to pass.

The method of "directed silence" was used in the Conference for united thanksgiving, for united confession, for waiting upon God in adoring meditation, and especially for intercession on behalf of the world and the Church of Christ; and in all these offices it discovered to hundreds of those present a new privilege and power which should become a widely cultivated possession of the Churches. As the days passed it was proved also that, the habit of silent fellowship once established, such communion became possible and helpful apart from specific direction by a leader. Perhaps no lesson in the poten-

cies of silence was more impressive than that afforded at the opening of the later morning sessions of the Conference, when, by way of preparation for the morning worship that was about to begin, the Chairman called on the delegates to stand for a minute in silent prayer. Instantly the spell operated; remembered fellowship knit the "many members" again into "one body," the human spirits, gathered into one, realized the presence of the divine Spirit; and the hall, sixty seconds before full of movement and murmur was now "the house of the Lord," with His people prepared to wait upon Him in reverent worship, and to renew the blest communion of yesterday. That brief, pregnant silence was like some short tunnel on an Alpine railway, through the darkness of which one emerges into new scenery, a new world, limitless blue heavens and far-spread blue waters for overhanging woods and crowding rocks; and one realized that there are yet undeveloped resources for the Church to explore before it has attained all the possibilities of united devotion.

In collective approach to God Christian people have hitherto, according to temperament, habit, or other ground of preference, used one or other of two modes, the liturgical and the extempore. Both assume that such approach requires uttered speech, sometimes of a single spokesman representing the whole, sometimes (on the liturgical method) of the whole participating company. Each method is recognized by devout worshippers to be a very imperfect instrument for so high and difficult an office. The liturgical mode brings to the task the aid of the consecrated gifts of saints and sages of the past, and the influences of hallowed association. But it lacks freedom, and adaptability to the special needs of the hour and the company; and it has to face that perversity of our mental constitution by which words and ideas

grow smooth with use, and come to glide over the surface of our mind without gripping or being gripped. The extempore mode maintains freshness, spontaneity, naturalness, actuality. It judges that living words of the living man are, with all their imperfections, fitter for worship of the Living God than the noblest compositions of the past. Yet who that has ever undertaken the office of being the extempore mouthpiece of the prayers and praises of a congregation has not been compelled to realize an utter inadequacy for the task? And who that has been one of a company—whether in a little prayer-meeting or in the worship of the sanctuary—led to the mercy-seat through extempore prayer, has not again and again found his access not helped but hampered and spoilt by utterance that fell below, or went astray from, the upward strivings of his heart?

*The London Quarterly Review.*

Each method is in great measure a reaction from the realized imperfections of the other. Would not the disabilities of both be mitigated by applying the lessons of the Edinburgh Conference, and introducing into our public devotions the element of united and directed silence? It is around the uttered word, whether liturgical or extempore, that the difficulties gather. Silence, in which the heart can transcend words: silence, in which snare of the familiar and fetters of the conventional are escaped, and the soul may soar in freedom: yet in which, as Edinburgh has taught, communion with fellow worshippers need not be lost, but, with due ordering, will be richly enhanced,—such ordered silences would surely profit, alike in worship and intercession, bringing us back to that rubric of our greatest manual of devotion, "My soul, be thou silent unto God."

*W. H. Findlay.*

### THE COST OF THE ARMED PEACE.

In the old city of Königsberg, the home of the greatest of modern philosophers, Kaiser Wilhelm delivered a speech on 26th August which set the world debating; and still continues to furnish food for lively discussion. For it bristles with the cries that are erroneous and announcements that are dangerous. That the Emperor should proclaim himself a monarch by the grace of God, who is therefore dispensed from paying heed to the wishes and views of the bulk of mankind, is a matter that concerns mainly his own people. If he deems himself responsible to God only and independent of God's creatures, it is for the German section of them to endorse the theory or to repudiate it. What interests foreigners is the Kaiser's attitude towards the European movement in favor of checking the ruinous growth of armaments. And

that is superlatively unsatisfactory. The peoples of our Continent are under an enormous disadvantage as compared with those of America. A large portion of the money and time of the European is wasted in preparing of wars which are neither inevitable, nor useful nor desirable to the community at large. And that burden is growing every year. The life struggle under the severe conditions created by these heavy sacrifices tends to become ever sharper and more ruthless. The remedy for this public ill is obvious: the armaments may be diminished proportionately, or their growth may be stayed by a self-denying ordinance. Proposals to this effect have been circulated informally. All Europe would welcome their realization with joy—all Europe except the Monarch by the grace of God whom God is said to have

dispensed from the need of consulting His creatures' wishes. And now this arbiter of war and peace vetoes the proposals. The nations are already ripe for a tribunal invested with powers to settle disputes amicably and therefore for cutting down military and naval expenditure to a minimum, the up-keep of which would hardly be felt as a burden. But God's anointed one comes forward and states that he will set his face against the movement and thwart it.

The Kaiser said: "The noble Queen Louisa teaches us that it behoves us men to cultivate all the military virtues. . . . We should be ever ready to keep up our armaments without 'a gap,' in view of the fact that the neighboring Powers have made such mighty progress. For it is solely on our armaments that our peace depends." This is the comfortless message which Kaiser Wilhelm as the Lord's anointed had to deliver to his subjects, at a moment when some of them were hoping that the interparliamentary Congress at Brussels might perhaps contrive to insert the thin edge of the peace wedge. But its meaning is not merely negative. It forbodes new demands by the Imperial Government for money to fill the "gaps" in Germany's armaments, consequently new taxation and a further sharpening of the struggle for life.

It is hardly too much to assert, in view of this declaration and of a long series of other well-established facts, that the war of armaments which has been going on now for many years is being persisted in owing solely to the determination of Kaiser Wilhelm to keep it up at all costs. The Kaiser has it in his power to force all Europe to make ruinous sacrifices every year, for which there is no justification. And he exercises that power to the full. If in Great Britain the whole system of taxation has had to be altered and inquisitorial methods borrowed from the Con-

tinent, it is because the German monarch by the grace of God so willed it. If our people are being gradually driven to adopt compulsory military service for all, the reason is because Wilhelm II. is resolved to persevere in the war of armaments. This fact is worth bearing in mind whenever the question of Germany's influence on the welfare of Europe comes up for discussion.

Europe does not relish the notion that peace and war depend upon the Kaiser's unsteady will. It is not that he is suspected of desiring war for its own sake. On the contrary, there is nothing to show that he wishes to immortalize his reign by a successful campaign. In all probability he is as peaceably disposed as was the Tsar of Russia when on the eve of the Russo-Japanese conflict he declared that peace was secure because he was resolved not to violate it. The German Kaiser, like the Tsar in 1904, merely desires certain things and seems bent on getting them. He feels very naturally that as he disposes of the means of enforcing these demands by violence they might well be bestowed upon him graciously. That is the German mode of thought and feeling: "This year I am much stronger than ever before; so please bear it in mind during our diplomatic encounters." That is what it comes to. How far the Kaiser can travel along that road without clashing with one of his neighbors is uncertain. But there is doubtless a limit beyond which the danger zone begins, and it is quite possible that the Kaiser may not stop at it. That was the route followed by the Tsar in 1905, without any forefeeling that he was bringing on a disastrous war.

In England people who distrust the Kaiser fancy they would be secure if the peace prospects were in other hands —say, in those of the Reichstag. For they have implicit confidence in the genuineness of the people's love of

peace. The rashness of one headstrong individual cannot be a characteristic of the entire nation, they argue. To this opinion I must demur. Events belie it. However sharply they may criticize the foreign policy of the Kaiser in any particular case, the German people will uphold it, nay, they will follow any statesman whithersoever he may lead them unless it be to disaster or defeat. Now to my mind one of the most penetrating influences which chronically jeopardize the peace of Europe is German "statesmanship," and the peace-loving people of these islands cannot be too watchfully on their guard against it. To what we are wont to call diplomacy it bears the same relation as sharp practice does to law. "Policy sits above conscience," so to say. It is less hampered by prohibitions than with us, and much more free in the choice of means. Take as an instance the methods that led to the union of the German race. The aim was patriotic and noble; but the means employed would be condemned in this country without hesitation and without appeal. No British Government could adopt, no British writer would defend, them. Consequently hardly any one among us ventures to assert or even to assume that the Germany of to-day will have recourse to them. And in this the British public may be making a fatal miscalculation. Wars—a number of wars—were indispensable to the realization of the patriotic scheme of German unity. And they were accordingly brought about deliberately. And when this could not be accomplished by means indifferent in themselves, blameworthy expedients were unhesitatingly employed. The tampering with the Ems telegram, which brought on the Franco-Prussian war, is a classical instance.

Nor is it in Germany only that these doubtful devices are resorted to. All over the Continent they are in vogue.

And it is a common thing even for us to join in the praise of the foreign Ministers whose feats of statesmanship were achieved by the sharpest of sharp practice. On the 10th of August last Italy celebrated the centenary of one of her most successful patriots who, to my thinking, was a greater statesman than his contemporary Bismarck. For the German Chancellor disposed of more ample means of action than Camillo Bensos di Cavour, the ungainly awkward un-Italian-looking man who might have posed for a portrait of Mr. Pickwick. It was his lot to make bricks without straw, to twist ropes of sand, and it was his glory to have performed the seemingly impossible task. He had to create a great nation almost out of nothing, and he did it so cleverly that Metternich, his adversary, applauded him enthusiastically. He applied every means, made use of every tool. Thus he favored revolutions, but only for the behoof of his king. He took the part of subjects revolting against their lawful monarchs in the hope that they would be loyal to his own. While expressing gratitude to the Emperor Franz Josef for the tokens of goodwill he was giving in Milan and Venice, he was secretly fanning the flames of patriotic wrath against Austria among the Venetians and the Milanese. To watch the game of diplomacy as played by Cavour, was to be present at the creation of a Mephistophelian masterpiece of intrigue marked by cool calculation, sustained bluff and marvellous readiness to profit by ever changing circumstances.

The cleverest exhibition of this kind of skill was given by Cavour in the way in which he brought on the war with Austria at a time when all Austria, including the Emperor and his Ministers, were sworn enemies to bloodshed and violence. England, although the friend of Italy and eager for her liberation, likewise scouted the notion of a war

and was resolved to move every lever in order to hinder it. The Emperor of the French, who was willing enough to pose as the protector of Italy, was anxious to play the part as cheaply as he could. And he, too, was averse to war. In a word, all Europe was unanimous in the wish and the resolve to keep the peace. Cavour alone needed war for the realization of his plans, yet he dared not perform any overt act obviously calculated to provoke it. Italy's demands were to be discussed at a conference, everything would be settled amicably, the Powers declared. "A conference will be the funeral of my scheme for the union of Italy," said Cavour to the King. "At all costs it must be avoided. We must have war." Now the hardest condition of all was that Italy must not be the aggressor nor the provocator. Austria, despite the circumstance that she was decided to keep the peace, must be got to break it. That was the problem to which Cavour set his hand, and he solved it brilliantly. For all Europe perceived, or thought it perceived, that the wrong, the crying wrong, was perpetrated by Austria who wantonly provoked little Sardinia, crossed the Ticino and opened hostilities. The unerring foresight which enabled Cavour to foretell the course of highly improbable events, almost to a day, intensifies one's admiration for this political genius of modern Italy. In December 1858, he actually announced to Odo Russell that he would oblige Austria to declare war. The English diplomatist laughed sceptically at this audacious prophecy, and said that while he was about it he might as well mention the day. "In the first week of May war will be declared," replied Cavour. As a matter of fact it took place five days earlier!

Now that is the style of Continental diplomacy to-day as it was in the year 1859. And it will not be departed from in Germany, whether the Reichstag or

the Kaiser holds the reins of power. In Bismarck's day nobody in England and very few in Germany foresaw that the new Empire would launch out into colonial enterprise. But the Kaiser gave the signal and his subjects followed him. With a relatively insignificant seaboard Germany, it was held, would never become or even wish to become a first-class naval Power. But Wilhelm II. uttered his fiat and the German people obeyed without a murmur, nay with cheers, and subscribed most handsomely to the patriotic work. Nobody in Europe whose opinion is worthy of attention believes that Germany really needs to keep up the ruinous race for armaments on land and sea. But the Kaiser insists on building more and ever more ships, and the German people supply the money gladly. When the Armenians were massacred by the servants of Abdul Hamid in Sassoon and Erzeroum and other places, the Kaiser declared that that was a *domestic* matter to be dealt with by his friend the Sultan, and the German press seconded the statement. When the Kaiser's fitful and capricious action in Morocco, in 1905-1906, endangered the peace of Europe and brought us within sight of war, his peace-loving subjects upheld his policy, and, of course, continued to uphold it to the end. Last year during the Balkan crisis Europe was again within an ace of war, in consequence of a bold but undoubtedly brilliant move made by Kaiser Wilhelm. And the German people applauded him right heartily. Their only quarrel with him now turns on those unweighed utterances of his which run counter to the principles of constitutionalism. And howsoever these may terminate, Germany's style of statesmanship will not be modified. The Chancellor will end, nay has already ended, the dispute by declaring that his imperial master's words have wings "but fly not where he would."

Thus Germany is minded to go on compelling us and all Europe with us to keep up this bloodless war of armaments until perchance one day an "incident occurs unexpectedly," and we are painfully reminded of Cavour's talk with Odo Russell and Bismarck's trick with the Ems telegram. It will then be too late to correct our mistake. Possibly, had we begun building a larger number of ships for every new one laid down by Germany, the pernicious rivalry would have ceased at the outset. But that is not our way. One result of our forbearance is that we are now confronted with the dilemma that we must either keep withdrawing ever larger sums from cultural objects and burying them in ships and barracks, or else abandon the two-Power standard altogether and abide by the consequences of this fatal retreat. And in the meanwhile taxation is increasing on the one hand, while on the other the purchasing power of money is on the wane. In France, Germany, Austria and Russia the struggling class of the population is raising an outcry against the high price of staple foods as life's necessities, which are still steadily rising. The Governments are at their wits' end: for the only measures which they could adopt would be no more efficacious than the mop with which Mrs. Partington sought to keep out the Atlantic Ocean.

The French estimates for the year 1911 supply an object lesson well worth taking to heart. They constitute the heaviest and perhaps most irksome burden which the population of the Third Republic has ever been called upon to bear. The grand total amounts to four milliards 260 millions of francs or, say, £170,760,000. This sum shows an increase of 84 million francs on last year's budget. And what is more to the point, France is receiving relatively less for that money than she obtained several years ago for a much smaller

outlay. Her naval budget has about doubled during the past twenty years, yet in those days the French navy was not only one of the most powerful in the world, it occupied without contradiction the second place. To-day it may possibly be reckoned fourth. And if the money spent by France on her navy has been doubled during the last two decades, the sum expended by Great Britain on her sea defences has increased by 150 per cent., that invested by the United States on their navy has grown by 500 per cent., while Germany has augmented her outlay during the same period by 740 and Japan by 950 per cent. But the idea now gaining ground among us that Germany can stand no further taxation and will soon protest so loudly and so perseveringly that the Government will have to desist, appears to me unfounded. France it seems is more heavily taxed than Germany and so, too, is Great Britain; and this despite the fact that the Germans have an enormous army as well as a formidable marine to keep up and a goodly number of kings, princes, grand dukes and other monarchs, anointed of the Lord, to provide for.

In the year 1907 the French people paid the State in taxes of every kind four milliards 100 million francs, which, divided among the entire population, represents 104 francs and 45 centimes per head, or, say, £4 3s. 4d. In the United Kingdom the sum received during the same period was £119,870,000, besides £78,670,000 raised by the various local authorities. This total, divided among the inhabitants, gives about 115 francs and 79 centimes per head of the population, so that the people of Great Britain are more heavily burdened than their French neighbors. In Italy the State received during the same financial period 1,533,700,000 lire, or together with local rates 2,031,500,000 lire, so that the individual Italian may be said to pay

60 francs and 60 centimes annually.

In Germany the Empire has its revenue independently of the particular States, besides which the local authorities are also empowered to levy rates and taxes. In the year 1907 the Empire received 1,205 millions of marks, the independent States 770 millions, and the local authorities 1,083 millions, giving a total of 3,058 million marks. Spread over the entire population of Germany the amount annually paid by the individual German is only 49 marks, or about 61 francs. Consequently the Frenchman gives up a considerably larger portion of his income to the State than the German, while the Briton pays more than the Frenchman. The individual Russian, if the total revenue of the Tsar's Government and other taxes were distributed evenly over the whole population would pay about 33 francs 67 centimes. The Jap, it is calculated, contributes no more than 28 francs to his rulers, who give him in return a magnificent army and a powerful fleet. Of all peoples in Europe or out of it, including those of the United States, whose individual citizen contributes to the State no more than 103 francs 92 centimes a year, the British are taxed most heavily. And to a large extent this taxation is a result of the additional efforts which our Government felt obliged to make in the matter of military and naval equipment owing to Germany's refusal to come to an agreement to keep this insensate competition within reasonable limits. For during the past decennium our State expenditure has increased by 30 per cent. And despite the significant fact that during that same period Germany has augmented her outlay by 75 per cent. her individual citizen pays today only half as much in taxation as does the individual Briton. So far as figures enable us to see, therefore, Germany can well afford to keep up the race for a long time to come, certainly

for a much longer period than the English public commonly supposes.

Judging by the ominous words uttered by the Kaiser at Königsberg and by certain other symptoms which the liberal and radical press of Berlin and Frankfort have pointed out and commented on, another heat in the race for naval superiority is about to begin. The disclosures made by the Socialist organ *Vorwärts* respecting this burning topic have created a deep and unpleasant impression throughout Europe. Are the *Dreadnoughts* merely old iron? is the question which served as a title for the article of the German organ. The writer affirms that in Germany and in England strenuous endeavors are being put forward to invent a type of battleship which shall combine the advantages of enormous fighting power with relative cheapness and shall be more than a match for the *Dreadnoughts* of to-day. A small cruiser able to destroy the largest cruisers of to-day is one of the desiderata. And the goal is said to have been reached. A battleship 86 metres long, 14 metres broad, drawing only 6½ metres of water, is said to unite in itself properties that seemed incompatible heretofore. Containing only one turret, armed however with two enormous quick-firing guns capable of sending projectiles weighing 2,700 kilogrammes with a velocity far surpassing the greatest that has hitherto been attained, this new battleship would itself be invulnerable to the shots of the *Dreadnoughts*. The turret is movable by hydraulic force. The speed under normal conditions would be nine knots, which in case of necessity might be increased to 27 knots. The writer adds that this type of vessel will produce a veritable revolution in naval warfare. For the tax-payer the perspective is devoid of charms.

Apparently there is no hope of a speedy truce to this calamitous strug-

gle for naval supremacy. Germany—whether the Kaiser or a mere Minister is in command—seems decided to carry on this wasteful war of resources. And we must either follow suit or reconcile ourselves to consequences which would be subversive of the Empire. Even as things are to-day, the difficulties and the dangers of our national defences are admittedly much more formidable than they ever were before. And this fact is itself a danger, for it offers a strong temptation to Continental statesmanship. Indeed, the only side from which there is any hope of an arrest of armaments is the financial. Germany, who is the one cause of this woeful waste of the people's substance, may tax her subjects much less heavily than the French or the British are taxed, but as a State her solvency is strictly limited and the limits are narrower than is commonly supposed. She cannot, for instance, find money enough to float a loan for her friend and ally, Hungary, who has now to meet the bills run up during the recent Balkan crisis, and to provide for other contingencies, military and civil. Yet that money must be found, under pains and penalties for Austria-Hungary and Germany. If the sum be not forthcoming, the Austrian *Dreadnoughts*, which may be set down as German *Dreadnoughts* for all practical purposes, will not be constructed in time, and other serious hitches may be caused in the political or military plans of the Triple Alliance. Consequently no stone must be left unturned

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to find the necessary funds. And to the surprise of Russia, French bankers are coming to the rescue of Hungary, offering her the loan she requires. Over the transactions of French banks the Government of the Republic has no direct influence. But indirectly it can hinder the loan by not allowing it to be quoted on the Bourse of Paris. And the Russian press now calls upon it to exercise this right. The argument of Russian politicians is clear and forcible. Hungary, they say, forms an integral part of the Triple Alliance, and the Triple Alliance is in want of ready money. If France supplies the want she is feeding the serpent that may sting her to death. The balance of power in Europe is already very precarious. Russia is weak and must keep her powder dry and her sword sheathed. France lacks the will to take part in any European war, and will not fight except to defend herself against actual attack. The two militarist States are consequently dominant. For they are well able and ready to uphold their interests and carry out their policies by the sword. Their only vulnerable spot is accessible only through their purse. And lest that spot should be wounded, French bankers have come forward to replenish the money-bag. Against action of this kind Russian publicists protest, declaring that it is suicidal. But whether their protest will carry weight enough to persuade or convince the Government of the Republic remains to be seen.

*E. J. Dillon.*

### JEWELS OF GOLD.

Old Daddy Bell would have managed quite well on his ten shillings a week when his only son was drowned if he had only been left alone. Unfortunately, his son had left behind not only a small house, but furniture, and

furniture of a very special kind, known to the village people as mo'ogny. The house, no doubt, was very desirable, but in no way to be compared with the lumbering chairs and bedstead picked up by the thrifty seaman at various sales.

and put by for an old age he never lived to reach. All this Daddy inherited, and a lonely old man with furniture becomes the natural prey of every unattached woman in a country or sea-side village. Consequently, before the tombstone erected to his son—that is to say, to his son's memory, for the body was lying far away on the sea floor—had stood in the churchyard a week, Daddy found himself snapped-up in double-quick time by a strapping derelict of fifty. Daddy was so bewildered that he was courted, cried, and married before he realized that the first of these processes had begun. Thence on he became of less account than an old broom, or his wife's Sunday hat—for the one was useful and the other ornamental, more or less, and Daddy, apart from his furniture, was neither. The neighbors thought that Mrs. Bell the second was intemperate, and her face confirmed this. They said that her tongue had driven her first husband to his death. Daddy could have endorsed that. His liberty disappeared on the day his wife promised to obey him. Before the evening his ears had been twice boxed. Before the week was out matters were going without a hitch. His ten weekly shillings were confiscated by Mrs. Bell, who allowed him instead threepence for pocket-money. His seat by the fire was his no more. He was driven on to the quay to loaf in the rain among the young men, for he had no money to sit with his friends in the parlor of the "Ship in Stays"; still, he was glad to go anywhere to avoid the unceasing contumely and insult. In fact, Daddy, not quite realizing how it had all come about, began to wonder why he had got married.

One Christmas morning, when a howling south-wester blew the sand in clouds over the dunes, old Daddy crept into the church and sat down by a pillar. He had always been a church-goer,

and since his marriage the church had been to him a real haven of refuge. There he found peace—lustily sung hymns instead of shrieked abuse. While he leaned his head against the stone pillar he could catch a glimpse of the river and of his son's tombstone, clean and white, standing out against the dark graves. Daddy joined in the Christmas hymns, quavering away with the sailors and fishermen, and then composed himself to listen to the sermon, which he hoped would be a long one. Daddy, in spite of his troubles, had retained a strong sense of romance and a love of light and color. What he liked was to see the sun throw the gorgeous colors of the stained glass on to the tiled pavement and watch them creep along the floor while the vicar discoursed at length on the glories of the New Jerusalem. Gold and ruby and pearl in the pulpit, and gold and ruby and pearl on the floor. Then Daddy could have listened for ever.

But this Christmas morning the preacher was a stranger, and he told to the sailors and fishermen no tale of color and splendor, but a tale of drab sordid poverty. In the name of the Child born that morning he appealed to his hard-toiling audience to help little ones whose lives were harder even than theirs. He spoke of the slum children of the big cities. Daddy listened in dull disappointment. The day was overcast, the windows blurred. The sand pattered against the windows, and the preacher's words matched their setting. But he could preach, and Daddy grew interested. He began to realize that actually in the same country as himself there lived thousands of children who not only had not enough food to eat or clothes to cover them, but who knew nothing of grass or sand and who actually had never seen the sea. And this, while it struck Daddy as almost incredible, touched him far more than

did their hunger or cold. He had never imagined that children existed who could not play in green fields or rush screaming down the sands to splash in the clean sea-water. He listened to the sordid tale of child-life, crowded in the smelling slums and back courts, till his heart grew hot within him. When the bag came round he eagerly searched, hoping by some miracle to find a penny, but there was nothing. He was obliged to let the bag pass.

So interested was Daddy in the story of the little children that he was quite indifferent to the pitying half-jeering looks and asides of his acquaintances. He climbed the steep street to a small house, the red door of which stood ajar. A blowsy virago thrust out her head. He was conscious of a storm of abuse and a blow before being hustled indoors. He ate his Christmas dinner of sodden pale pork and greens with a nervousness that prevented his finding any enjoyment in it. His wife, however, had two lady guests whose spirits quite made up for Daddy's dulness. When dinner was over she produced a bottle of fiery port wine, and Daddy was thrust out into the cold with a warning not to appear again till tea-time.

A big burly sailor was standing on the quay staring down stream at the distant bar, and he shook his head and swore to himself as he saw the old man's exit and noted his patient endurance. He spoke in rough consolation.

"You eat too much for she. Don't 'ee, old Tom?" he asked. "Poor old soul you be, to be sure!"

Daddy smiled dismally. "I be a ter'ble trouble, I expect, John," he said; "an old man be like a babby. He wants to eat little and often."

"And she don't wish 'ee to do neither on 'em, old Tom, I reckon. You be an old man surelike. You be more'n eighty! I reckon the Lord'll call 'ee

soon," said his friend, speaking the words in all kindness.

Daddy looked at the tide racing past.

"I be ready, John—quite ready when He calls," said Daddy. "Maybe He'll call this very night, John. Good day to 'ee;" and he moved off.

John watched him shuffle slowly away and then walked after him.

"Going out along?" he called; "here take this." He pulled out a lump of shag, and tearing off half of it, slipped the remainder into the old man's pocket. "You can use en, I reckon!"

"Thank 'ee, John, thank 'ee. It be kind of 'ee. My pipe be broke, but I can use en."

"And I reckon I know who broke en," said John aloud. "Lord deliver us from evil women. To think the poor soul once had his ten shillings a week and mo'ogny furniture!"

Daddy thrust a pinch of tobacco into his cheek, and in better spirits moved along the narrow street down the broken ground on to the burrows, where he met the full force of the half-gale. Already the short winter's day showed signs of closing in. He crawled across the wind-swept golf-links to the sea. The gray waters of the bay, the death-trap of small coasters, heaved against the narrow white line of the horizon. The ebb was laying bare the deadly yellow sandspit known as the "South Tail." Lundy Island was barely visible, a shapeless mass among the rain-clouds. Between the dunes and the island was a turmoil of waters. A Cardiff pilot-boat, reefed down, thrashed her way up channel. But for her the sea was empty.

A man was standing on top of the highest dune—a thin black figure gazing over the waters, one hand holding on a low hat; and as Daddy drew near he recognized the preacher of the morning. An impulse, which he could not resist, to accost him seized on Daddy. The man exercised a curious fascination

over him, seeing that he had never heard of him or seen him before that morning. He struck aside through the windings of the sandhills and painfully climbed the dune.

"I want to ask 'ee, sir," he began, without any preliminary, "if that were true you told us this morning about they little 'uns? Or did 'ee make it up to get the money out of our pockets?" went on Daddy with absolute directness. "Can 'ee spare a few minutes, sir, or maybe I can walk back with 'ee?"

"The air is pure and fresh, and it is seldom I get a chance of enjoying it," the preacher said. "I am not leaving the shore yet, but I will talk with you with pleasure."

They scrambled down into a big bunker under the lee of the dune, and there the toller of the city told the toller of the sea of the lives of the little ones amongst whom he too had grown old—the children who had never seen the red sun flame sullenly out from behind Lundy Island or sink through azure and saffron into a gentle summer sea.

"And," cried Daddy, when the speaker ceased, "I have nothing, not one farthing to give 'ee for them. Once I could, but now I have nought. Not one farthing, or I would give it to they little 'uns, sir!"

"My friend," the preacher answered sententiously, but in a kindly tone, for he saw Daddy's eyes, "God looks beyond mere gold and silver. You would give if you were able, and He will see the cup of cold water in your heart. Your sympathy may bring the little children a blessing greater than money."

"Good day, sir. Thank 'ee," said old Daddy, shaking the proffered hand.

He walked from the shelter of the bunker to the edge of the wet sand, bare now for a mile. To his right a black mass lay forlorn, as a great

whale left stranded by the ebb. It was the wreck of a large ketch that had gone ashore a few months previously, drowning her crew of three men, the master's body being flung beside the wreck, both lying unnoticed from early evening till broad daylight. Daddy's eyes shone. Here he was in his element. He stared defiantly at the broken seas and driving rain-clouds. Memory recalled a Christmas Day, nearer fifty than forty years ago, when he, the coxswain of the lifeboat, stood drenched and three-parts stunned and called on a fresh crew to take his boat, already twice upset, through the surf that was hammering the foreign barque to pieces. For the exploit he had won two medals—one at the instance of the Emperor of Austria himself.

Presently a gleam shone out from the blackness hiding Lundy Island. The angry sun approaching its setting threw sullen red beams across the waters. The pools left on the great expanse of sand glowed and glistened a brilliant red, brighter even, the old man fancied, than the colors on the church floor. Pool after pool caught the light till the wet sands turned into a network of crimson. Then the sun dipped behind the clouds and sank in a wild glow of scarlet and dull purples. As the colors died away Daddy turned to go.

But in a little pool close to his feet it seemed to him that a spark of the red fire still lingered. He stooped down. Sure enough something was gleaming in the clear sea-water. He picked it out with trembling fingers. It was a great gold ring, and in it was set one shining red stone. To Daddy's dull eyes it shone even as the sun had shone.

His fingers closed tight on it, and he thrust it into his coat-pocket. He stared round him, but no one was in sight. East, south, and north lay the

spinning sand-dunes. Before him stretched the sea, and both sea and land were deserted. Daddy took out his treasure and gloated. Of its value he had no doubt. He allowed the romantic element free play. That it was of very great price he had no doubt at all.

"Joois," Daddy muttered—"goold, ruby, and pearl. Goold, ruby, and pearl. And if the sun wor out, wouldn't 'er flash proper!"

He quite naturally considered the ring his own property. The sea that had taken everything from him had returned him something at last. Daddy meant to keep it, or rather sell it. It represented to him everything of which his marriage had robbed him—the ten shillings a week, the tobacco and glass, and the society of his friends. He stood quite still, and thankfulness filled his breast.

"I be old," he said; "what 'er 'll fetch 'll last me out, and to spare too"; and it is sad to think Daddy did not contemplate sharing the proceeds of his find with Mrs. Bell.

In great spirits he turned away to cross the sandhills before darkness fell, stumbling along absorbed in the delightful problem of how to dispose of his prize and where to store the resultant coin.

With the sinking of the sun the evening turned bitterly cold. The stinging wind, shifting a couple of points, blew right ashore, driving Daddy over the burrows. He ploughed along full of pleasant thoughts, his hands deep in his pockets, clutching the ring, over the grass, up to the arch of the road, and there he stopped to take breath, looking back at the burrows below, over which he had come. The plain was dingy gray and a mass of shifting shadows, but he fancied he could make out a dark spot moving among them—the figure of the returning preacher. And then poor Daddy! With his eyes

on the preacher and his fingers on the ring, the two ideas connected! He was called on for his sacrifice.

He stood smitten, leaning against the coping. He laid the ring on the stone. It flashed no longer in the gray evening, and the light had gone from Daddy's eyes as well.

"Would give if you were able! Those words he spoke," groaned Daddy; "and now I be able!"

To his mind the issue was painful, but simple. In his prosperous days he would have slipped the ring on his finger and proudly displayed it; but his own misery had given him understanding, taught him that there was a lot worse than his, and Daddy was learning that in adversity there is knowledge, and in knowledge self-sacrifice.

"I can't, O Lord! I can't do it," muttered Daddy, and stumbled down the dark road to the village.

It was quite dark, but by the light of the single gas-lamp he sought out John, and, taking him aside, told him of the treasure and revealed his plan.

"'Tis to sell 'er, and you to keep the money for me, that I have ordained," said Daddy. "I did think of running, but she would follow after and catch me, I reckon," he concluded.

John, who had listened with wonder and thorough sympathy, fell readily in with Daddy's plan.

"Ay, Daddy, you hand 'er over to me. I'll take 'er up the line and sell 'er. Wunnerful lucky old man you be! Will 'ee hand 'er over now?" said John. "Let's have a look at 'er." John, eager for a sight of the trove, stretched out his hand.

Daddy nodded assent and thrust his hand into his pocket, but the sound of the church bell calling to evening service made him pause.

"I'll—I'll hand 'er over after church," he said. "Thank 'ee, John, thank 'ee."

The church was again full, but the

floor was dull; the colored panes shone now out into the night, and Daddy sat at war with himself. Through prayer and hymn and carol Daddy wavered, deciding only to become undecided. To his terror, there was no sermon that night, and the quiet interval for reflection was denied him. The missionary had gone to preach at a neighboring church, but before the final hymn the vicar, with the offertory-bag in his hand, turned to the congregation.

"The collection this evening," he said, "will be for the poor children of the big cities, of whom you heard this morning," and then added: "Let no man give grudgingly or of necessity, for God loveth a cheerful giver."

In the midst of a strenuous hymn the bag arrived, and old Daddy straightened himself to meet it. He thrust his hand bravely into his jacket-pocket. Something that chinked fell into the bag, and with it a prayer that the Lord would bless the poor slum children and would also call to Himself the old man who had parted with his good fortune. When the hymn was roared to a conclusion, Daddy knelt, nothing better than a broken child himself, and stripped once more of worldly wealth. Yet the blessing from the altar rested for a moment on the old white head.

John met Daddy outside the church according to the appointment. His chagrin for Daddy's sake, be it said, was very great, and he could not help adding that in his opinion the Lord had helped Daddy, and Daddy had no business to part with the gift. John was not at all pleased, and Daddy's action seemed likely to satisfy no one.

His wife was exceedingly angry at Daddy's not appearing at the tea-table where he was so unwelcome. John, as has been said, was annoyed also. The person least pleased of all was the vicar when in the vestry he drew from the offertory-bag a large and heavy brass ring with a bogus and prodigious

ruby stone. For a moment he had been himself deceived, which added to his annoyance. He took it home, and, having explained to the missionary at the supper-table that it had evidently come from a cracker and been deposited in the bag by some mischievous child or godless scoffer, threw it contemptuously into the fire.

If Daddy's prayer had been answered, and he had been called home that night with the memory of his sacrifice fresh upon him, none could have cavilled. His release, however, came in another way, but still through the agency of the ring. John was quite unable to keep the story of Daddy's extraordinary behavior to himself. At the "Ship in Stays" he told the story, and stated that Daddy's reason for parting with the treasure must have been that he knew Mrs. Bell was sure to learn of the find, and was desirous that anyone, even the slum children, should benefit rather than she. This was thought reasonable, though all marvelled at Daddy's daring.

But the next day the news of Daddy's find, its value enormously exaggerated, reached Mrs. Bell, fortunately for Daddy, after he had been turned into the street. Mrs. Bell, unable to wait, dishevelled and panting for information, made her way to the vicarage, where she found the vicar. She demanded the immediate return of the property, and the vicar, instead of adopting the obvious course of explaining Daddy's mistake and the worthlessness of the ring, took the ground that the contents of the offertory-bag were the property of the Church; that a gift so bestowed was not to be discussed with a third party. Mrs. Bell's excitement rose so high that the vicar—a rather timid man—gave ground, and was compelled to tell her that the ring was burnt. Mrs. Bell interpreted this statement to mean that he intended to keep it for himself; she altogether lost

her temper, and the vicar hurriedly sent for the police.

Daddy was on the quay, sitting by the water looking at the trawlers coming up the river, when the noise of his wife's passing to the police-station echoed down the narrow street. It was a short three hundred yards from vicarage to station, but the two powerful constables composing the force were obliged to exert all their powers to remove her from the one to the other. A cold cell, however, so reduced her spirit that she sent for Daddy to bail her out, an error which he would have committed had he not been forcibly prevented by his friends of the "Ship in Stays."

"The best place for her," was the unanimous opinion; "and if she gets six months on top, better still."

The police showed their wounds and torn uniforms to the magistrates, and, unnerved by the disgrace of the arrest, she pleaded guilty to the assaults on the police. Though the vicar withdrew the question of broken ornaments and furniture, she was sentenced to six weeks' imprisonment with hard labor.

But Mrs. Bell was destined never to  
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see the village and the old husband, whom she had so badly treated, again. Wrecked by excess and deprived of stimulant, she died in the prison infirmary before she had completed her sentence. And so the freedom which Daddy had refused came to him, after all, through the ring.

To him the vicar's motive for the fiction of the destruction of the treasure was quite clear: to save him—Daddy—from the vengeance of Mrs. Bell. By affirming the ring's worthlessness her wrath might be lessened. With a feeble wink he congratulated the puzzled vicar on his astuteness. But that the treasure reached its destination he never doubted.

And now Daddy has regained full possession of the furniture and the ten shillings a week, and he has rejoined his friends in the parlor of the "Ship in Stays." He is a grateful old man; and in church, when the beautiful colors lie thick on the floor, he thinks of the benefits which the wonderful ring is working among the little slum children and of the glories of that Home so soon to be his.

*W. H. Adams.*

### THE ROMAN ROADS IN PICARDY.

If a man were asked where he would find upon the map the sharpest impress of Rome and of the memories of Rome, and where he would most easily discover in a few days on foot the foundations upon which our civilization still rests, he might, in proportion to his knowledge of history, and of the map of Europe, be puzzled to reply. He might say that a week along the Wall from Tyne to Solway would be the answer, or a week in the great Roman cities of Provence with their triumphal arches and their vast arenas and their Roman stone cropping out everywhere

—in old quays, in ruined bridges, in the very pavement of the streets they use to-day, and in the columns of their living churches.

Now I was surprised to find myself, after many years of dabbling in such things, furnishing myself the answer in quite a different place. It was in Picardy during the late manoeuvres of the French army that, in the intervals of watching those great buzzing flies, the aeroplanes, and in the intervals of long tramps after the regiments or of watching the massed guns, the necessity for perpetually consulting the map

brought home to me for the first time this truth.

Picardy is the province—or, to be more accurate, Picardy with its marches in the Ile de France, the edge of Normandy and the edge of Flanders—that retains to-day the most vivid impress of Rome, for though the great buildings are lacking, and the Roman work, which must here have been mainly of brick, has crumbled, and though I can remember nothing upstanding and patently of the Empire between the gate of Rheims and the frontier of Artois, yet one feature—the Roman roads—is here so evident, so multiple, and so enduring that it makes up for all the rest.

One discovers them upon the map one after the other with a sort of surprise. The scheme develops before one as one looks, and always when one thinks one has completed the web another and yet another straight arrow of a line reveals itself across the page.

The map is a sort of palimpsest; the mass of fine modern roads, a whole red blur of lanes and local ways, the big rare black lines of the railway are, as it were, the recent writing on it, but underneath the whole, more and more apparent and in greater and greater numbers as one learns to discover them, are the strict, taut lines which Rome stretched over all those plains.

There is something most fascinating in discovering them and in noting them one after the other, for they need discovering. No one of them is still in complete use. The greater part must be pieced together from stretches of lanes which turn into broad roads and then suddenly sink again into footpaths—mere rights of way or green forest rides. Often, as with our rarer Roman roads in England, all trace of the thing disappears under the plough or in the soft crossings of the river valleys. One marks them by the straightness of their alignment, by the place

names which lie upon them (the repeated name *estrées*, for instance, which is like the "streets" upon the Roman roads of England); by the recovery of them after a gap; by the discoveries which local archaeology has made. Different men have different pastimes, and I dare say that most of those who read this will wonder that such a search should be a pastime for any man; but I confess it is a pastime for me. To discover these things, to recreate them as it were, to dig out on foot the base upon which 2000 years of history repose, is the most fascinating kind of travel.

And the number of them! You may take an oblong of country with Maubeuge at one corner, Pontoise at another, Yvetot and some frontier town such as Furnes for the other two corners, and in that stretch of country, 150 miles by perhaps 200, you can build up a scheme almost as complete as the scheme of the great roads to-day.

That road which first most immediately strikes the eye is the huge great line which darts from Paris upon Rouen. Twice broken at the crossing of the river valleys, and lost altogether in the last twelve miles before the capital of Normandy, it still stands on the modern map a great modern road with every aspect of purpose and of intention in its going. From Amiens also they radiate out; some, like the way to Cambray, in use every mile; some, like the old marching road to the sea, to the Portus Itius, to Boulogne, a mere lane, often wholly lost and never used as a great modern road.

This last was the way along which the French feudal cavalry trailed to the disaster of Crécy, and just beyond Crécy it goes and loses itself in that exasperating but fascinating manner which is the whole charm of Roman roads wherever the hunter finds them. You may lay a ruler along this old forgotten track, all the way past Dom-

queur, Novelle (which is called Novelle-en-Chaussée—that is, "Novelle on the paved road"), on past Estrée, where, from the height, you overlook the battlefield of Crécy; and that ruler so lying on your map points right at Boulogne Harbor, thirty odd miles away. And in all those thirty odd miles I could not find another yard of it. But what an interest! What a hobby to develop! There is nothing like it in all the kinds of hunting that have ever been invented for filling up the whole of the mind. True, you will get no sauce of danger, but, on the other hand, you will hunt for weeks and weeks and you will come back year after year and go on with your hunting, and sometimes you actually find (which is more than can be said for hunting some animals in the Weald). How was it lost, this great main road of Europe, this marching road of the legions, linking up Gaul and Britain, the way that Hadrian went, and the way down which the usurper Constantinus from Britain must have come during that short adventure of his which lends such a romance to the end of the Empire? One cannot conceive why it should have disappeared. It is a sunken way down the hillside across the light railway which serves Crécy town; it gets vaguer and vaguer, for all the world like those ridges upon the chalk that mark the Roman roads in England, and then it is gone. When you lose it it is pointing, I say, at that distant harbor, thirty odd miles off—but over all those miles it has vanished. The ghost of the legions cannot march along it any more. In one place you find a few yards of it—about three miles south and east of Montreuil. It may be that the little lane leading into Estrée shows where it crossed the valley of the Course, but it is all guess-work, and therefore very proper to the huntsman.

Then there is that unbroken line by  
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which S. Martin came, I think, when he rode into Amiens, and at the gate of the town cut his cloak in two to cover the beggar. It drives across country for Roye and on to Noyon, the old centre of the Kings. It is a great modern road all the way, and it stretches before you mile after mile, until suddenly, without explanation and for no reason, it ends sharply like the life of a man on the slopes of the hill called Choisy, at the edge of the wood which is there. And seek as you will you will never find it again.

From that road also, near Amiens, branches out another whose object was S. Quentin, first as a great highroad, lost in the valley of the Somme, a lesser road again, still in one strict alignment, it reaches on to within a mile of Vermand, and there it stops dead, and I do not think that between Vermand and S. Quentin you will find it. Go out north-westward from Vermand and walk perhaps five miles or seven; there is no trace of a road, only the rare country lanes winding in and out, and the open plough of the rolling land. But continue by your compass so, and you will come (suddenly again and with no apparent reason for its abrupt origin) upon the dead straight line that ran from the capital of the Nervii, three days' march and more, and pointing all the time straight at Vermand.

And so it is throughout the province. Here and there, as at Bavai, a great capital has decayed. Here and there (but more rarely) a town wholly new has sprung up since the Romans, but the plan of the country is the same as that which they laid down, and the roads as you discover them mark it out and establish it. And the armies that you see marching to-day in their manœuvres follow for half a morning some line which was taken by the legions.

*Hilaire Belloc.*

## THE ART OF SAVING.

A wholly incontrovertible proof that the poor *can* save is that very many of them *do* save, while one has only to visit their homes in order to learn that this accumulation is not mere miserly hoarding, money scraped together at the cost of all that makes life worth living. In practice one finds that the people who save get more value for their money out of the proportion that they spend than wasteful persons get from the whole sum. Those who habitually save ten per cent. of their wages are better fed and clothed, have more comfortable homes and more rational amusement, and enjoy lives freer from care and anxiety than those who spend every penny as they receive it, while to compare their existence with that of persons always from two to ten weeks in arrears would be ridiculous.

The capital of the working classes is estimated at one thousand millions sterling, and this does not include their furniture, tools, stores of clothing, watches, bicycles, and small uninvested hoards. Still less does it include the intangible savings represented by the claims which a man's history and character give him upon more fortunately situated persons if he should fall into distress. Strictly speaking, most of the old folk living on outdoor relief are capitalists; the sums granted them by the State would be totally insufficient if they were not possessed of furniture, clothing, and house linen, and if they had not valid and recognized claims on the services of neighbors and relatives earned by former kindness and exertion. It is unjust to regard these old people as utter paupers and failures. It is true that they have suffered a partial defeat, but in very many cases they have made a prolonged and heroic struggle, and deserve to march out with all the honors of war. If their chil-

dren and grandchildren, with their much greater opportunities, do as much for themselves and others, not only will they never break workhouse bread, but they ought to be beyond the need of old-age pensions. To prove the practical value of even the shabbiest furniture, I may state that there are large towns where an old person can obtain a decent unfurnished room for 1s. 6d., and in some cases even 1s., a week, while the lowest charge for a furnished room is 3s. 6d. or 4s. Therefore "a few sticks of furniture" actually mean to the owners as much as the interest of £200.

But although the aggregate savings of the working classes reach an inconceivably enormous total, and although a considerable proportion of the members save almost as much as in their circumstances can be held advisable, "all is not well." No one can learn the huge sums spent by the working classes on alcohol and other questionable modes of self-pleasing, no one can observe the daily and hourly waste in the homes of many of the industrious poor, no one can realize the vast mass of pauperism and its wide fringe of semi-dependent persons, without forming the opinion that habits of thrift need to be greatly strengthened and more generally practised, and that until this is done social conditions can never be satisfactory.

The great hindrances to saving are laziness and self-indulgence, mental apathy, narrowness of outlook, feeble or dangerous misconceptions as to the origin and functions of capital, untrained imagination, a low standard of life, ignorance of practical arithmetic and entire neglect of accounts, ignorance of housewifely arts, and the lack of a proper spirit of independence. Different causes need different cures; but

probably the most deep-seated reason for the general unwillingness to save is the general ignorance of the fact that saving is a beneficial act, not only to the person who saves, and to those immediately dependent on him, but to the world at large. To the uneducated spending is generosity, saving is meanness. The most untaught portion of the working classes seldom feel any resentment over the expenditure of the wealthy, even when it is ostentatious and wasteful; what they really resent is that money should be saved. Broadly speaking, the men need sounder theoretical teaching and the women more practical instruction. The duty of saving must always rest principally on the woman. A man, unless earning exceptionally high wages, cannot possibly save money without his wife's active co-operation; while the wife, in order to save, needs nothing but her husband's passive consent. The greater part of his earnings inevitably pass through her hands, and unless she talks too much about the matter, she can "save on" even a careless and wasteful husband.

In relation to thrift, practical arithmetic is one of the most valuable studies, especially for girls. If a boy left school unskilled in the art, in a large proportion of employments he would be compelled to acquire it; but a girl who leaves school ignorant of "figuring," and who is not engaged in commerce, may go on all her life not knowing how much her husband's wages amount to in a month or a year, how large a proportion the rent bears to the sum, nor the yearly aggregate spent on any one item of household expenditure. Every mistress should encourage her servants in the habit of keeping accounts, as it is one rarely practised unless acquired in early life. One young servant told me that her study of the previous year's accounts had led her to the conclusion that postage was her

great extravagance, and that she had resolved to limit it to a shilling a month. Even this seemed a large proportion out of 25s.; but as her parents expected a letter every week, and she was engaged to be married, it could not well be done for less. She has been married for twelve years now; her husband's wages have never exceeded 32s., but the home is kept with a care and exactness and a sense of proportion largely due to her account-book, which is used not only as a record of expenditure, but also as a work of reference.

The condition of the working-class home can never be really stable until young couples begin their married life, not merely free from debt, but with at least six months' bare maintenance in the savings-bank, and learn to reckon their income as being their average *yearly* earnings, not their highest *weekly*. When privileged, or obliged, to inquire into means, I frequently ask: "How much a year does your husband get?" The wife can seldom or never tell me, although she usually has all the necessary figures at her command; but the very question is instructive. Reckoned in this way, the amount available weekly may seem alarmingly small; but there is everything to be gained by facing facts. I have worked where there was a regular wage of a pound a week, and where there was a nominal wage of two or three times that amount. When the wives recognized that in the latter case the actual wage was from 32s. to 38s., they lived in considerable comfort; when they fondly clung to the belief that it was, or "had ought to be by rights," 50s., general domestic conditions were in a far more unsatisfactory condition than in the homes of superior dockyard and agricultural laborers. Other women fail to realize the amount and stability of their husband's earnings, and waste by living in a needlessly hand-to-mouth

fashion. This is especially the case in regard to rent. For twenty or more years they will steadily pay 9s. a week for three rooms and a scullery in preference to paying a quarterly rent of £4 or £4 10s. for a five- or six-roomed house with a garden. Again, much is wasted for want of the "stitch in time" which, whether literally or with regard to health and morals, is too rarely taken. Only women of superior intellect or training will spend money either on repairs or prevention.

But if the daily duty of saving unavoidably falls chiefly on the wife, the responsibility of preventing savings from being squandered and of finding secure investments for them should certainly be the husband's. A local atmosphere unfavorable to saving often makes forms of investment desirable which, considered in the abstract, might not seem the most advantageous. There are many cases where the propriety of sinking money in life assurance, house property, and deferred annuities might be questionable if it were not for the constant danger that those who have saved the money, or in whose interest it has been saved, will be robbed of their property or wheedled out of it by graceless relatives and friends if it is not securely "locked up" and inaccessible. Considerable pressure is brought to bear upon a woman if she is known to possess even a small sum in the savings-bank, and sometimes for no reason but inborn wastefulness. In one instance that came under my notice a young married

*The Spectator.*

woman had £15, the remains of her girlhood's savings after providing herself with an ample trousseau. All the husband's savings had been exhausted in furnishing four rooms very neatly and suitably, and I hoped that this nest-egg would have been kept for the proverbial rainy day. Within four months she was so worked on by the reproaches of her "in-laws," and taunts as to her "having brought nothing to the home," that she spent £14 on an American organ, which neither she nor her husband could play. Less than three years afterwards her husband lost his berth, and could find no work in the district, and she was obliged to borrow £12 to move to a distant town where he had been offered a situation, a debt which hampered them for eighteen months.

According as a man bath, it is his duty to save, and the more he saves the easier becomes the practice of the duty. The casual laborer who finds on Saturday that he has a shilling more than is needful for decent maintenance can pay it into a provident fund, or can at least keep it until the end of the following week, when, as sad experience must have led him to expect, he may have a shilling too little. The regularly employed laborer can join a sick-club, and the superior laborer a good Friendly Society, while it is open to the skilled artisan to provide against invalidism, unemployment, and old age without depriving himself or his family of any reasonable indulgence.

*M. Loane.*

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## THE AMERICAN UNDERWORLD.\*

One of the few things which are better done in America than in this country is the business of "slumming"—to

use our fatuous but fashionable term (unknown to stay-at-home Americans) for a form of practical sociology which causes well-to-do, well-meaning persons to slide down the social ladder and see

\* "Types from City Streets." By Hutchins Hapgood. (Funk and Wagnalls. 6s.)  
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what is happening at the foot. Even if this descent be merely the diversion of a day, it makes for a better understanding between the worlds above and the underworld; for, after all, curiosity is the mother of sympathy, and even a casual glimpse of the horror called *la misère* (there is no English equivalent for the dreadful word) breeds in the most careless observer an admiration for the people who can be cheerful and serene and invent ideals and live up to them though caught in the social quicksand of hopeless and helpless poverty. But, in far too many cases, the observer who descends fails to make the best use of her (or his) opportunities, owing to the distorting effect of some dominant prejudice or ulterior motive or excess of "sensibility," to use an old-fashioned word in an old-fashioned sense. Some fail because they are prejudiced for or against the subjects of their study: thinking that, by virtue of their poverty or by the viciousness thereof, they are essentially superior or inferior in the moral sense to those above them on the turning wheel of fortune. Others again, do not succeed because they go down to "raise the people"—a motive that can never be effectively concealed and is naturally resented, human nature being what it is, and was destined to be ineffectual not only for that reason but also because a man can only be morally uplifted by his own manhood. And, finally, there are those who fail because of the operation in them of the pathetic fallacy, that excess of sensibility which causes soft-hearted persons to be sorry for a frog because it lives in cold damp places instead of a warm dry house.

Nearly all stories of the London underworld we possess are characterized by the distortion resulting from one or other (sometimes all three, as in the case of Mr. Whiteing's well-written volumes) of these "idols" of the philanthropist's study. Mr. Arthur Morrison is a

notable exception; so, within his narrower sphere, is Mr. Israel Zangwill. The method of the former, distressing as it is to the sentimentalist, is the only scientific one; he presents his wastrels and thieves going about the business of life with the same alternations of happiness and unhappiness which may be discerned in the lives of persons of any other classes. He sees that the loafer is a kind of aristocrat who is content to be himself; a kind of animal, also, after Walt Whitman's heart who wanted to go and live with animals because none of them talk about their souls or are unhappy or respectable. And he gives us flesh-and-blood realities, not the penny-plain nor the twopence-colored realism, because he really likes and admires his underworld characters and enjoys meeting them in a friendly way. To find anything in English literature which is as true a reflection of low life as some of his stories we must go back to Defoe's "Moll Flanders," which is the classic masterpiece in this mode. But there are a number of American writers who have adopted the Morrison method (they are not, of course, imitators or plagiarists) and have given us studies of this or that phase of the American underworld which deserve to be better known in this country, and would be, no doubt, but for the difficulty of understanding the colloquialisms which necessarily occur in their presentations of living speaking types. There was the late Josiah Flynt, for example, who tramped with tramps and mightily enjoyed it all and has given us a faithful picture of the whole hierarchy of Transatlantic beggars from the "tomato vag" (who dines out of a dustbin) and the "poke-out guy" (who will take victuals handed out of a back door half closed) to the fully-qualified "hobo," with his elaborate etiquette of the road, who expects three meat meals a day and an adequacy of beer and pie and generally gets it all without loss of

dignity. And there is Mr. Hutchins Hapgood, whose first book caught the elusive spirit of the New York Ghetto (a Jewish quarter subtly and strangely Americanized) and has been praised by the highest living authorities on the life of the Jewish quarters in the world's capitals. His second book, which has provoked this dissertation, is as candid and sympathetic and joyous a picture as the first of the East-side of New York, which corresponds to the East-end of London, though there are few obvious points of similarity. Those who read it will be disappointed if they look for a species of literary "slumming," a rhetorical display of the horrors of poverty in a land where money comes and goes as swiftly and surprisingly as the handful of leaves transmuted by the witch in the familiar folk-story. Truth to tell, the slum properly so-called no longer exists in any of the English-speaking countries to-day; the municipal builder and the sanitary inspector have destroyed such centres of low-living as the "Nicholl" in Bethnal Green (which was a submerged village), and the six-story blocks of dumb-bell tenements in New York, and the huge rotten building in Cincinnati, with its piebald population of more than a thousand, which was, perhaps, the most amazing example of the "slum in a box" that formerly disgraced the larger American cities. The slums are gone, but the slum-makers survive. But they are dispersed through such suburban districts as the "workmen's dormitories" of Greater London, and the corporate life which they lived in the East-end twenty or thirty years ago is no longer possible.

Mr. Hapgood paints for us no sensational pictures of squalor and misery such as illustrate "The Jungle" and other lurid stories of the American underworld. It is true to say that, despite the absence of charitable organizations in the United States, and perhaps

because of it, the hopeless and helpless poverty of the Old World cities does not exist in the Atlantic States, much less in Chicago and the industrial capitals of the West. The "work-shy" folk of New York can always eat his "free lunch" of bread and cheese in a saloon, even if he lacks the money to buy the cheapest drink. For, if he has no money, he has a vote—and the saloon-keeper is invariably a spade-worker for Tammany Hall, and would never think of having a live vote thrown off the premises. Again and again the reviewer has seen him watch the moneyless man at his thirsty meal and then beckon him to the bar for a free drink. Thirst, not hunger, is the chronic complaint of the most helpless types described in Mr. Hapgood's book, and even for them the life of the streets may be a merry-go-round—not a sorry-go-round, as it is in London.

Even to enumerate the types sketched in plain black-and-white by this careful observer, who manifestly lives in and for his work of observation, would fill a column in most unentertaining fashion. The "tough" or "gorilla" includes many sub-species, all of which live in the same desultory way and have much the same philosophy of life. Here is the prevailing philosophy of the East-side in the simple yet sufficient phraseology of a certain Chuck Connors, who is the *arbiter elegantiarum* of his sphere:—

Wat's a gent, did yer say? A gent, wat you call a gentleman, is a bloke wat ain't a junk. A gent is a man wat shakes hands wid yer; wat don't wear no fence round his neck, wat don't wear no tall hat, wat don't call yer a bum. When a bloke wat ain't got a nickel asks a junk for a nickel, the junk wat ain't a gent calls him a bum. A gent is a damned good man, a good man that ain't looking fer no good advice. A bloke wat takes good advice ain't no gent. A gent takes no advice, partic'ly no good advice. A chump is a good,

good man. A chump is slang for a sucker. If you fetch him a jab in the wizard, he'll grin, feeble-like, an' if you tell him you didn't mean it, he'll shake yer hand as friendly as yer like. He's a good, good man, a chump is, but he ain't no gent, though he is a lot better than a junk. A chump is good to yer, but he's mean to himself.

From this passage, which might easily be translated into low or high Cockneyese, the East-side conception of the *μεγαλόψυχος*, as defined by his conduct to his neighbors and to himself, may be deduced without difficulty. Let us see how he comports himself in adversity; we already know what use he makes of prosperity:—

Be on the level and watch de play. It's a blue day to-day, but de play of life goes on. Some blokes—good fellows, too—kill demselves when dey get blue. Why? Why not see de next act? I know a bloke wat cut his throat 'cause his wife ran away from him. Dat's all nonsense. He ought to go and cut a figur' and his wife'd come back, all right, all right. If she didn't it wouldn't cut no ice, but she would, yer know. Wat's the use of being as blue as dis wedder? I'm always happy. Whenever I have de rocks I'm all right, an' I'm all right when I ain't got 'em. Some odder feller can cut his throat. Dat's all right, but I won't, Chuck Conners won't. I want ter see de next act. I want ter see de play out. I'm me own friend bloke, me best friend.

There stands the perfect "tough" defined by himself. He is always "on the level" (honest with his friends) and "de real t'ing" (honestly himself, making no social pretence). Moreover, he is not only "tough" (indigestible in the maw of circumstances), but also "hard" (having the surface of his "front" or manner polished and like a shield). He enjoys life, but does not make a show of joyousness. Manifestly, he is an aristocrat in his way; seeking nothing, he has all he wants—just as he who

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has everything is in want of nothing. Contact with foreigners, more especially with the German element in the New York population, has to some extent modified his habits. He now prefers "soft" drinks, such as beer, to "hard" drinks, such as whisky, and he is to some extent capable of *Genüthlichkeit*, the joyous simplicity of the German before Germany became a commercial Great Power.

Very interesting are some of the variants of his toughness so subtly atomized by Mr. Hapgood. A series of conversations with Jeffries, Sullivan, and other famous American boxers is particularly entertaining. In America pugilism is not thought to be a respectable pursuit in any circumstances, and whatever his possessions and good qualities, the boxer must seek his friends in the underworld. But the chief growth from this root of toughness is Tammany. It is often said that "the real thing" in New York is Tammany. Bacon said:—"There is little friendship in the world, and least of all between equals; that which is, is between superior and inferior, whose fortunes may comprehend the one the other." In this saying the first of natural philosophers shows himself ignorant of human nature. Tammany Hall is really a systematic organization and application of the principle of friendship. Laterally as well as vertically, the persons of this vast social pyramid are bound together by ties of mutual gratitude. The corruption, as Mr. Hapgood sees, is a fault of the organization, not of the basic principle of an institution which, more than anything else in modern life, suggests the feudal system. It is an evil thing because it exaggerates the value of a single virtue. But as long as the New York tough survives, Tammany will survive. His explanation of Tammany's influence would alone make Mr. Hapgood's book worthy of careful study.

## SOCIAL COPARTNERSHIP.

How to get more comfort, more convenience, a greater number of "advantages" without more struggle is a problem which oppresses the most civilized portion of the civilized world. Is any solution to be found in the idea of social copartnership? Such partnership has been very little practised as yet. Why do we not "go halves" more than we do? Take the newest and most envied of all luxuries,—motor-cars. Setting aside doctors, we may roughly say that only rich people possess them as things are. But if cars and petrol fell to half their present price, and if chauffeurs would take half their present wages, the number of people who could enjoy motoring would at least be doubled. Why, then, do they not consent to get what pleasure they can out of a half-share in a car? Two families living near together could easily keep a car between them. The partnership would need some arrangement. The "deed," even if only verbal, would require careful drawing up. "Wear and tear" cannot be measured by the gallon, and it is not an easy item to divide by two. But if we set the pleasure and convenience of the arrangement against its difficulties, there can be, in theory at least, little doubt upon which side the scale would weigh down. In practice, we fear the question of a few coins might easily upset the balance.

Supposing, however, that we have an income which does not allow us to dream of a second, or even a third, part in a motor-car, there are many cheaper pleasures which we could obtain by copartnership. Perhaps we like gardening, but our garden is small. The children want a tennis-lawn, and their lawn leaves us very little room for flowers. Or if we have a rather larger space than the one suggested, we may

yet have some cherished scheme which we could carry out to the delight of our eyes if only we had an extra half-acre. In an immense number of cases a friendly arrangement with "next door" would make it all possible. Or perhaps we do not have time to work in the garden at all, and cannot afford the whole time of a gardener. Why not join two gardens and let the owners divide a gardener's wages? Of course there are jobbing gardeners to be had wherever villa residents abound, but it is not in human nature that a jobbing gardener should take the same interest in his work as the man who gives his whole time to one plot of ground,—for whom each plant is a cherished possession, to whom the capacities of the soil are well known, and who above all can take a normal pride in his own success, and expect the credit he deserves. Moreover, one set of tools, one mowing-machine, &c., would do for both families. Here again some question as to division of cost is likely to prove an obstacle.

Indoors it is not so easy to co-operate. Two families living together might of course have better servants and live in a larger way than if each lived alone, but the amenity of the home would be in a measure destroyed. It is strange, however, that friends who live upon about the same scale do not exchange houses more often than they do. Is it not absurd that so many men and women in London should sigh for a change of air while their intimate friends in the country are sighing for a change of scene? A holiday which simply implied the packing of clothes and a train journey would be to many tired housewives a real delight. As it is, the average wife of the professional man in London must either obtain uncomfortable lodgings at a high rate, arranging

meanwhile for the living of her servants at home, or hire a furnished house, take her servants with her, and find a caretaker. Those who live in the country and desire a few weeks in town are often deterred altogether by the great expense of lodgings, in which it is impossible to entertain even in the simplest manner. How pleasant it would be for both to arrive at a comfortable house, to find servants who are at home, to amuse oneself with one's friends' books, to enjoy the unaccustomed pleasures of town or country as the case may be, and to feel all the time that one's ordinary expenses are not materially increased. Of course such a plan as this is open to the obvious objection that the ordinary man who has to make his living can only get a holiday at the time of year when no one wants to go to town; but this objection, though a serious, is not a final one. A great many people would take more holidays than they do if they could get them without expense. The universality of the early autumn exodus is partly a matter of fashion. Every one nowadays has friends who live in the near country, and many a man would gladly accept the inconvenience and expense of a short train journey every day for a month if he could have a comfortable country home for his family without further outlay or trouble in exchange. Moreover, if we look at the matter from the point of view of the dweller in the country, there are very few weeks in the year when London is in any sense empty. It is only the rich to whom "the season" makes any very great difference. Once more little questions of reciprocal "wear and tear" are likely to loom large. Great economies are often sacrificed to small meannesses.

There are signs that copartnership in education will be more widely tried, and it is probable that children who

have been educated together will grow up ready at least to consider the advantages of a system of sharing. In the country many mothers are faced as their children grow out of babyhood with a disagreeable choice of evils. They must either send them early to school, which in the case of girls at any rate is most undesirable, or they must have the perpetual worry of a second-rate resident governess. Women of the highest educational acquirements will not now accept "private work." The position of a governess is more and more irksome to girls trained in the independence of High-school and College life. They desire to have a life outside their official life, and the most accomplished teachers will only accept posts which give them a little home of their own, if it consists but of two rooms. The result is that the salary of a first-rate governess is now more than twice what it used to be, and it is becoming the fashion for two or three families to share a teacher between them, who lives by herself, and keeps an official position. Companionship and organized games as well as instruction are thus secured at the price of the old resident governess, who stood between the parents and their children, not to speak, in small households, of their privacy. One would think such an arrangement might become almost universal. But we are still faced with the difficulty of correct division. Fractions of time and attention, like fractions of "wear and tear," are not easy to piece, and people who constantly ask themselves "Have I got my fair share?" end by finding it more convenient not to "share" at all.

Expensive amusements such as ball-giving are constantly undertaken between two hostesses, and syndicates join together to take shootings. Both plans apparently succeed moderately well. We suppose that the gigantic system of book-hiring which now cov-

ers the country began in what we might call a system of copartnership. Old people tell one of book clubs which delighted little coteries of country neighbors in their young days,—a passed-away phase of life of which "magazine clubs" remain as a tiresome memorial.

Among very small efforts at increasing comforts by copartnership, the present writer was amused the other day to hear of a "Sunday hot-supper club." Five families, all of whom rebelled against the kindly system of sparing the servants by having a cold dinner on Sunday, resolved to meet every week at each other's houses and feast on hot things. By this means no cook was obliged to work on a Sunday evening more than once in five weeks, and no one was ever obliged to eat a cold supper.

We have made but a few suggestions of co-operation. Every reader can think for himself—or more probably herself—of many like plans which would succeed in theory. But will such devices answer in practice? Probably in only a few cases; otherwise social copartnership would have prevailed before this. The most formidable difficulty which stands in the way is not a simple one, for it concerns temperament, and temperament cannot be changed. There are many otherwise pleasant people who show, when once one comes into close contact with them, an astonishingly keen appreciation of their own rights, and in nine cases out of ten "rights" means money rights. They would seem at times to have a perverted moral sense in this particular, especially where trifles are concerned. They speak as though their private interest were a question of public duty, and make out that the less important the matter appears, the more important is the maintenance of the principle of exact self-interest. It is hopeless to go into partnership with such people as

these. But unless we are thrown into very close contact with them, it is difficult to find them out. This hateful peculiarity exists in otherwise good characters who never realize that it unfitsthem altogether for friendship. They will worry the life out of a colleague, and put him in the wrong into the bargain. Some nobler spirits too are utterly unfit for any system of sharing or friendly exchange. They have an intense feeling for property and an eye for perfection. To do or to suffer the slightest damage is an agony to them. To be in some one else's house with the responsibility of some one else's furniture upon them is a continual trial to their conscientious souls. At the same time, they are ready to weep or swear over the very slightest injury done to their own things, or the slightest inconvenience given to persons in their employ. Such as these, again, should live in complete independence. Then of course there is another side to the matter. Careless, easygoing, friendly men and women may become almost dishonest in their disregard for the rights and property of others just because they do not set the slightest value upon their own. The truth is that in order to carry out any system of copartnership the partners must start with one thing in common. They need not have identical incomes, but they must regard money from the same point of view. This latter identity of standard is of far more importance where social copartnership is concerned than any question of taste or temper, of opinion or cultivation. We may exchange houses and share luxuries with men and women of wholly different habits of thought. We may think in a different language, and live—metaphorically—in a different world. We may set a different value upon almost everything. But we must set the same upon a sixpence.

**"BOOK-LEAVES AND BOOK-LOVERS."**

The subject of the fit length of novels has lately been attracting some attention; and, after having read the complete discussion, we feel rather like worthy old Omar Khayyám, who heard great argument, yet evermore came out by that same door as in he went. Mr. H. G. Wells, approached on the subject, dismissed it contemptuously: as well might one seek to decree the fit size of a picture, said he. Whereupon another critic retorted that such airy dismissal was nothing germane to the subject; what would happen if artists took to attempting pictures the size of houses? Mr. Wells might claim, said this critic, that every novel demanded its own proper treatment, and therefore had its own laws, but the reading public did not propose to let any and every novelist stipulate what length his novels should take apart from the interest of his readers. And so the theme was banded to and fro. Like most such arguments, all those who participated in it were right, from their own standpoint. They were only wrong in proceeding on the bland assumption that their point of view naturally excluded the other. Mr. James Douglas said the wisest word in the whole discussion when he demanded that the only requisite was that no book be a bore; that it mattered little if a bore were long or short, the objection not being to length nor shortness, but to boredom. The closing note was as it should be, for it concluded on a *jeu de mot*. Another critic retorted that a bore should inevitably be "cut short."

But despite such dismissal, the subject is vitally interesting. In fact, it would have received careful attention long ere this in proper artistic criticism except for the sudden growth of that meretricious and abnormal thing that may be called the commercial novel.

The novel is quite a new art-form in literature; and, owing largely to its sudden growth and popularity, it, as a form, has received very little attention. When one considers "The Scarlet Letter" on the one hand, and "Les Misérables" on the other; or, within the limits of one nation, Tolstoy on the one hand, and Turgeniev on the other, it becomes a subject of more than ordinary interest to know exactly, as an art-form, what the novel is. Moreover, the question has become further obscured by the presence of the short story, which, while out of favor with us, in countries such as France and America has its own place and importance, which place and importance deserve close contrast with the function of its more capacious relative.

As we have said, the commercial novel has obscured the issue. The growth of a literature which, not being an art, has no internal laws, has caused the formulation of external laws for its regulation, which external laws have received the arbitrary shape they display from the commercial necessities of publishers' houses and circulating libraries. These agencies demand something between eighty thousand and a hundred thousand words. Moreover, although they allow a certain laxity, they are arbitrary enough in enforcement of their demands when they conceive that occasion calls for it. This occurred when the libraries refused to handle Mr. William de Morgan's "It Never Can Happen Again," as it was in two volumes, too lengthy, and—probably the most emphatic reason of all—too expensive as a novel. It is worthy of comment that they have not yet refused certain novels we could name which were but little more than short stories eked out by large margins and substantial printings, in which, indeed,

the print trickled down the middle of the page like some rivers at low tide, and in which the paper was all too suspiciously puffy.

Setting aside this obscurity, however—and the subject of the obscurity, whose name is legion—with its formal regularity, a mass of material is faced, all employed under the name of novel, yet presenting as much variety as can well be imagined. Tolstoy and Turgeniev have been mentioned, as also Hawthorne and Hugo, as expressing the limits of length one side or the other. Yet it must be admitted that, among novels that have won their place as classics, it is rather those inclining towards the Tolstoyan or Hugo-esque end of the pole that predominate in numbers. What an imposing array of prodigiously long novels could be set out! "Tom Jones," "Clarissa," "Wilhelm Meister," "The Heart of Midlothian," "Pickwick," "David Copperfield," "Vanity Fair," "Les Misérables," "War and Peace," "Middlemarch," are some of them. Balzac, not content with writing individual novels, set each of his separate works as fragments of a truly colossal scheme, for which he found one comprehensive title.

Nevertheless, while this is so, it is yet true that the artistic tendency has been, and is, to escape from this wider range and scheme. We find ourselves passing down through Meredith to Hardy. And we cannot help feeling that this instinct is right. The earlier length we often feel to be the vigor of a youthful art-form. Youth, and artistic youth is no exception, demands the freedom of large spaces. The early English novels were all long. The novel was not taken kindly to in France—length has small opportunity in any nation of a tendency naturally critical—yet when it was adopted it immediately ran to length. When art became conscious in Russia, the novel was at once

adopted as its fittest national outlet, and the first thing that marked it was its prolixity and vast space. Indeed, a little thought shows the fitness of this. For the novel is the most entertaining and least wearying of art-forms, and therefore it is the one most apt to be taken advantage of. It is the form that is least hostile, internally, to adventitious intrusions, and therefore the one that most invites a discursive treatment.

The tendency, however, is away from this; and that this tendency is healthy is obvious. Take the example of Tolstoy. How many readers retain a single impression of "War and Peace"? And yet, since it purports to be a single piece of work, it must succeed in creating a single impression, or fail in its avowed object—in other words, fail in its artistic intention. In "Anna Karénina" the impression has far more of unity, owing to poor Anna's devious fortunes running like a dark thread through its texture to a scarlet knot in her fateful destiny. Yet, even here, the mind only achieves unity by dispelling from memory many of the side-figures and adventitious episodes; and the mind is instinct with the suggestion that the work would therefore have gained inevitably had the author dismissed many of them from the scheme of his work even as we find it necessary to dispel them from our memories. Or, to turn to Dickens, how much would he not have gained had he cultivated the art of compression? One incidental and significant benefit would have resulted; and that is, he would have succeeded in achieving style, the absence of which is such a fault in his work. Another gain would probably have been his, too, for the shorter measures would have stript him of much of his sentimentality. And to discover that these are no fanciful ideas, contrast his "Tale of Two Cities" with "Dombey and Son." But about all, he

would have attained "form," and therefore the memory would retain more single impressions of his works. The essence of any art is "form." So with Thackeray. With all their excellence and subtle satire, of which of his works does the mind retain the truer impression, and which does the memory turn to with more affection, "Henry Esmond" or "Vanity Fair"?

But the tendency to shorter forms has found expression in two different ways. One is towards the elimination of all extraneous, in the sense of discursive, elements; the other is towards the simplification of "plot," even to the dismissing of all "plot," of old-time properly so called. Turgenieff in Russia and Hardy in England are the first exemplars of the former method. Meredith and Henry James are, of course, the exemplars *par excellence* of the latter one. The first will take a story like "The Mayor of Cas-

The Academy.

terbridge" and relate it with the waste of no word not proper to its relation. The latter will take a single incident like that of "The Egoist" and expand it by psychological analysis and innumerable side-lights of illumination. The claim of the first is the excitement of plot, with necessary characterization; the claim of the latter is subtlety of insight and witful philosophy. That these two are the coming lines of development seems little to be doubted, and that we are not to go back to the old discursive expansive manner—despite Mr. de Morgan's attempt, which already he is leaving—seems little to be doubted also. And there is no occasion for any conflict between the two forms; nor need they be mutually exclusive. Like Nature, they should not stand to hard and fast distinctions. Broadly, this will be the development, and both forms naturally exclude prolixity of length.

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Mr. Arthur Stanwood Pier continues his "St. Timothy" series with "The Crashaw Brothers," and illustrates the possibility that fraternal love may survive even the strain involved in attendance at rival schools and the membership in rival "nines" and "eights," and other mystic groups. The "Brothers" are a model pair, except in their slang, and in that they reflect reality, for the American boy's innocent adoption of English cant terms current in circles decidedly not scholastic is notorious. The schools described are models also, and will give young readers an ideal wholesomely unlike those found in some school stories of this season. Houghton Mifflin Company.

Dr. Alonzo Bunker's "Sketches from the Karen Hills" contains some of the

reminiscences of a veteran missionary who has spent his life in laboring among a savage people and has had his reward in seeing them won over to Christianity by the thousand. These sketches are written with a vivid simplicity, which makes them as stirring as tales of imaginary adventure might be. Full of human interest, and full also of the love of Nature and the free life of the woods and mountains, they suggest rather than describe the courage, sacrifice and triumph which attend the missionary life in savage lands. There are numerous illustrations. The Fleming H. Revell Co.

Readers who wish to acquaint themselves with the essential features of the philosophy of Herbert Spencer, but who are unable or disinclined to take

the time required to read the eighteen substantial volumes in which Mr. Spencer defined it, will be greatly helped by the little volume of "Passages from the Philosophy of Herbert Spencer," edited by Clara Sherwood Stevens, and published by Thomas B. Mosher in the exquisite typography which has come to be associated with "Mosher books." The editor writes a brief and sympathetic preface, but otherwise confines herself to the topical arrangement of the passages selected. These are so chosen as to make it possible to trace the thread of the philosopher's thought through all his reflections upon biology, psychology, sociology and ethics.

However angrily the West may repudiate the cowboy and the mining town, the East is still comfortably pleased by them, and Mr. Randall Parrish's "Keith of the Border" bristles with "guns," sheriffs, militants, gamblers and b-a-a-ad men in the old, old way, and four good colored pictures by Mr. W. Herbert Dunton excellently illustrate it. Mr. Parrish's device for attracting his reader is the extraordinary resemblance of two girls entirely unknown to one another, and he uses it with ingenuity so economical that it persists throughout the story. The hero and heroine have more originality than one could expect to find in persons of their type and the plot is new in many details. The plains are large enough to furnish space for many new heroes, and Mr. Parrish has made one who deserves a "claim." A. C. McClurg & Co.

Mr. John Maller's "Once" adds one more to the good books written by the men and women now trying to reveal the child-soul as it is in the days of its greatest self-importance, the days when its contemporaries are the only real beings, and even they do not understand the mysteries in which it involves itself with each new day. The narrator, Majorie, Dan, Lucile, their friends and

schoolmates are portrayed from the early times when the funeral of a dead duckling is a woful pageant, to the era when Daniel Boone and Robin Hood's experiences, the wild endeavor to put salt on a bird's tail, and impertinence to shop-keepers are of equal importance in their lives, and never a dull moment comes between awaking and sleeping. The narrator has a sympathetic friend, a former Confederate officer who is "a perfect lead-mine" and a father and mother who understand children and guide them without apparent meddling; and the book is a happy creation. Henry Holt & Co.

Mrs. Katherine Cecil Thurston's "Max" is a tale of Parisian circles in which marriage is a superstition unworthy of a republic, and of a liberal mind, but it takes the reader through scenes and conversations far nearer innocence, much less guilty of offence than those found in many stories well advertised as highly moral and even as good advisers of youth. It describes the adventures of a Russian princess who cuts off her hair and goes to Paris in boy's clothes in order to practice her art of painting in perfect freedom. At the very end of her journey she makes the acquaintance of an attractive Irishman, the two become friends and learn to love one another, and although the princess at first resists, in the end she renounces art for love. The object of the book is partly to exhibit certain phases of Parisian life, partly to demonstrate that love is all conquering, even after grim experience, and Mrs. Thurston is successful in carrying out both her aims. Harper & Brothers.

The hasty reader who attempts to rush through the first chapters of Mr. David Potter's "The Lady of the Spur" will have to resolve himself into a detective bureau to discover whether he is reading of a perfectly happy Ireland, so full of conspiracies that nobody

knows what or where he is, or a South Carolina alive with thoughts of secession, or a Georgian England with highwaymen riding gayly up and down the roads and turning into heroes before one's eyes. To him who waits to read slowly, comes the understanding that it is the South of Jackson's day that lies before him, and in it a hero who is really a gentleman is behaving simultaneously as a scoundrel and as a romantic lover, and as soon as matters begin to move smoothly, a new complication is introduced, and lastly come disclosures opening the gates of happiness to every one deserving to enter them. So many of the details of the plot are novel, that even a seasoned reader of fiction will find himself fallible before he arrives at this consummation, and will pronounce the story worthy of the attention of his peers. J. B. Lippincott Company.

Brazil is one of the many countries of which natives of the United States remark with perfect tranquillity that they ought to know more, and then buy another ticket for a transatlantic voyage; but the "ought" becomes more imperative each year, as markets lessen in number, competitors multiply, the world grows smaller, and folly, and waste, and ignorance diminish resources, and threatening voices seem audible across both oceans. For this reason, Mr. Nevin O. Winter's "*Brazil and her People of To-day*" should find a place in public libraries of every sort, and in the libraries of those private persons who know the value of good books of reference. With its excellent collection of pictures, its elaborate text, and its good maps it actually contains all that can be asked by the traveller, the student of geography or any one but those intending settlement or large investment, and nobody fit to undertake either would expect a single book to furnish him with complete informa-

tion. Mr. Winter's familiarity with other Latin-Americans, enables him to write of Brazilians with uncommon authority, and his descriptive skill has been perceptibly increased by practice. The volume is handsomely printed, and is bound in holiday style, but substantially. L. C. Page & Co.

Even the most cursory reading of "*Presidential Addresses and State Papers of William Howard Taft*" (Doubleday Page & Co.) deepens the reader's impression of the laborious and exacting character of the Presidential office. With the exception of the speech in which he accepted his nomination and a newspaper article published before his election, the papers and addresses which fill these more than six hundred pages were written or delivered within less than a year's time,—from March 4, 1909 to February 23, 1910. They are, moreover, of the most varied character, ranging from the elaborate discussion of public questions in messages to Congress or in public addresses to felicitous remarks upon social occasions, receptions, dedications, etc. They are marked by the alluring geniality, judicial breadth and candor characteristic of Mr. Taft, and they constitute not only the raw materials of history, but they are, in a sense, history itself in the making. A full index makes the contents of the volume easily accessible for reference, and there is hardly a question—political, industrial, social or moral—among those now pressing upon the American people which is not touched upon in one or more of these papers. And throughout there is the tone of sincerity which is more appealing than laborious argument.

Margaret Sidney's "*A Little Maid of Boston Town*," be it catalogued as it will, is a novel, but it is to that complexion that all series of books for girls come at last, and her young readers

will find its personages not more mature than those to whom they have lately become accustomed in the Pepper Books. The heroine, a loyal English subject, born in Boston, Lincolnshire, and brought to Boston, Massachusetts, by her Whig father in 1773, when she is about sixteen years of age, in a short time makes herself one of a circle including garrison officers, Tory ladies, Patriot dames, Sam Adams, Dr. Byles and other incongruous persons, and gradually finds her opinions changing until she is as good a Whig as her father, and bitterly repents her Tory days and ways. Logic was not the strong point of the eighteenth century young woman, and Margaret Sidney contents herself with bestowing great beauty and charm upon her heroine, and making her capable of a final self sacrifice. John Hancock and his wife take part in the story, and also General and Mrs. Knox, but the heroine's adventures are so many that small place is left for any historic events except the Tea Party and the Battle of Concord. The book is a pretty romance showing something of the dire confusion in the months immediately preceding the actual appeal to arms. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.

The undoubted happiness of the life devoted to the service of one's kind is beautiful in contemplation, but how many adequately conceive its hardships before entering upon it? The half score of recent books on missions and missionaries, noble, simple records of persistent toil and suffering, force this question upon the reader by compelling him to set aside general phrases and to bend his mind to imagine the torture of every bodily sense, the spiritual anguish, the exhausting weariness upon which their superstructures of charity are erected; and here is Dr. Grenfell's "Down to the Sea" bringing up the rear with record unsurpassed by any other,

inasmuch as it tells of simultaneously fighting a climate as savage as the wild beasts at Ephesus, and warring with every possible disease and discomfort that can rack the body. Everybody knows of Dr. Grenfell and has heard of his work in Labrador but this book excels its predecessors in the variety of the good works described, and perhaps also in the fine spirits which send the author's pen along the page; but still the wonder grows as one reads. How do men rise to a new day, how look forward to a new week, much less to a life of such work? The fairy tales of science are tame, the records of intellectual pleasure dull, beside these annals of those who serve God by serving His children. Fleming H. Revell Company.

For half a century, Louise Chandler Moulton was envied by the meeker quill-drivers of her own country, and for the same half-century admired and beloved by the best among them, yet her position changed almost from year to year. At first, she was admired because, although very young, she was able to produce with rapidity the type of short story then fashionable, and to vary it sufficiently to make pleasing books. Those who met her face to face found her exceedingly attractive, with a gracious manner noteworthy even in the days before bleacher and motor-car had combined to substitute loud-mouthed curtessy for quiet speech; and soon it was known that she had also written verse of no slight merit. As the years went by, this latter gift gave her entrance to the best magazines while she still maintained an unrivalled position in publications especially intended for women. She then became pre-eminent as a newspaper correspondent, and as a woman at whose receptions literary Boston and Cambridge mustered their forces. Slowly the taste for such stories as

hers declined, but her desire to write them grew feebler as she met success in higher fields, and her days were divided between her poetry and her friendships in a manner so noteworthy that the title of Miss Lilian Whiting's "Louise Chandler Moulton, Poet and Friend," is strikingly happy. Written with perfect sympathy, and enriched by a remarkable company of contemporary letters, and by good portraits, it stands in the front rank among the brief biographies of the season. Little, Brown & Co.

Professor Dowden is so devoted a student of Shakespeare that one expects to find the great Elizabethan the subject of at least one paper in each collection of his essays, and in his latest volume, "Essays Modern and Elizabethan," a third of the book is Shakespeare's, and half is given to Shakespeare and his contemporaries. The eight other essays are as divers as they could well be. Walter Pater, who gave the infinite patience of love to his studies of art and literature; Ibsen, deviser of new methods of bringing home the truths which he conceived himself as discovering; Heine, genius, sceptic and enthusiast, with pure and unmixed filial love his single feeling, rich in virtue; Goethe's West-Eastern Divan, curious treasury of Eastern parables from which Professor Dowden gives many translations; Hermann and Dorothea and the story of the production of that unique poem of happiness; Cowper and William Hayley, as curious a revelation of chivalrous, ingenious, blundering kindness as ever lay half concealed and unprinted for a century; and Anne, Countess of Winchelsea, and Charles Hector, Marquis St. George de Marsay, an eighteenth century French Pietist whose life has never before been printed. Here is a strangely assembled group with individuality the one quality common to its members, but

the fastidious insight of Professor Dowden's treatment characterizes them all. Having been printed in Edinburgh, it is agreeably light in the hand in spite of formidable size, and it is bound in good library style. E. P. Dutton & Co.

The boys of 1910 are more fortunate than they know. Not for years have so many books that really count been published for them. Good stories of foot-ball, of base-ball, even of battle and of siege, they have had, and Mr. Andrew Lang has edited a whole library of fairy tales for them, but this year it is the fashion to give them the great tales, so great that they bridge the centuries and are as alive to-day as when they first were told or sung. Here for instance is Mr. M. I. Ebbett's "Hero Myths and Legends of the British Race," sixteen stories beginning with Beowulf and ending with Hereward the Wake, and representing among them the ideals not only of many centuries but of many sorts and conditions of men. Between the docile though brave piety of Constantine and the turbulent daring of Robin Hood; between Turpin, Roland, and Oliver, and Adam Bell, Slym of the Clough and William of Clouteslee the interval is wide, but in all the company, the boy's heart must recognize that gallant conquest of fear, that joy in overcoming obstacles which he promises himself shall be his when the years are fulfilled. It is difficult to overestimate the good influence of such a book as this, and not the least significant element in its power is the purely literary style. Not for a moment can the boy forget that he is reading of heroes, and the poetical passages inserted at frequent intervals heighten the impression. The style is not beyond the understanding of a boy accustomed to hearing good English spoken, and it is adequate to the highest expression. The story of Countess

Cathleen as the author tells it is in perfect accord with Mr. Yeats's poem; the text of the other tales harmonizes exactly with the chronicles whence their matter is drawn. The sixty-four pictures are by fine artists of high reputation and their work shows them at their best. The novel feature of a Glossary and Index converts the work into a manual of reference for those who desire it and makes it complete in itself. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

The modern British novelists, essayists, and poets, it appears from Miss May Sinclair's latest novel, "The Creators," discourse to one another in private in exactly such a mixture of elegant ingenuity and fragmentary suggestiveness as would be their natural tongue if Mr. Henry James had created them, and their ways are ways of perversity, and their paths incline toward the region of Mr. Oscar Wilde's dramas. Miss Sinclair should know, inasmuch as she has, according to those who chronicle her doings and sayings for the London daily papers, made herself acquainted with many classes of her country women, but still one hesitates to accept her picture as correct. No American fairly well acquainted with the English capital or with the larger American cities is so foolish as to deny that among those whose writings are published by themselves or by reputable firms, are some women and some men whom he would not admit to the presence of his mother or his wife, but he knows that the lives of the best beloved and most conspicuous American authors conceal no ugly secrets. He knows, too, that the republic still preserves that youthful prudishness which doubts that immorality can be practised by the writer of wholesome books, and he cannot, at the risk of seeming pharisaical, refrain from self-congratulation. For the rest, the highly wrought, neurastic, eccentric self-con-

templative company presented by Miss Sinclair is pathologically interesting, and furnishes a warning for those writers who forget that authorship, like everything else, becomes a pernicious occupation when pursued at the expense of charity and humanity. It is many a year since Jean Paul set forth the fortunes of the writer whose wife cannot be persuaded to let him pursue his art in peace, but Miss Sinclair's authors are willing to play Herod and Charles Seventh and King Ch'aka rolled into one, if only thus can they make a solitude for their writing, and they are more humorous than tragic, geniuses although they be. Miss Sinclair has described them vividly; it is to be hoped that she will find a better subject for her next novel. The Century Co.

The title of Miss Helen A. Clarke's "Ancient Myths in Modern Poets" promises much less than the volume gives to readers unlearned because of youth or of any other reason, for it contains more than one version of the two myths considered, the Prometheus and the Sun and Moon, and it gives some examples of treatment neither ancient nor modern as the word is generally understood. The book includes about 350 pages, of which the first 50 are devoted to the ancient Greek stories and their interpretations as they are guessed to have been in the land of their nativity, and as they are made in these later days by the light of philology and other growing sciences. This chapter is followed by eighty pages on the treatment given to the myth by Shelley, Goethe, Longfellow, and Lowell. "Diana and Endymion before and after Keats," the first chapter of the second part of the book, sets forth the sun and moon myths of the Homeric hymns, and follows the topic through Fletcher, Shelley, Keats, Longfellow, Read, Lewis, Morris and Buchanan, and provides extracts not only from Keats's

poem, but also from letters in which he discusses the myth and his intention. This section further includes many pages from Lylly's "Endymion," one of the plays written by the euphuist for the children of St. Paul's, and thinly disguising a presentment of one of Queen Elizabeth's love affairs and Leicester's marriage after behavior deserving punishment for more than one reason. "The Titan Sun of Keats," that is to say, the "Hyperion" is the subject of the fourth chapter and it is followed by a prose translation of the Hymn of Callimachus to Apollo and some consideration of the moon as treated by Shelley. The extracts embody all the finer parts of "Hyperion" and indeed those who read poetry as a duty may well content themselves with as much of Keats as they can find in Miss Clarke's pages, and her lucid comments will add to the enjoyment of the happier beings to whom anything written by Keats is precious. Baker & Taylor Company.

Of the three recently "arrived" English novelists whose books provoke one to mention their cubical contents, rather than the number of their pages, Mr. Arnold Bennett is the most audacious, and his "Clayhanger" is amazing in its dimensions; but its hero and all its characters, like those of "Old Wives' Tales," are persons entirely devoid of importance except such as the author gives them by minute description of their appearance and careful rehearsal of their acts and conversation. Abridged, condensed, paraphrased, their story would be intolerably stupid, but Mr. Bennett makes it interesting by placing himself in the position of one of his personages, Edwin Clayhanger, and exhibiting his world as it unfolds itself to him from the moment when he leaves school, a bashful, tongue-tied boy, until almost forty years of age,

he succeeds in asking a woman whom he has loved for ten years to marry him. In the interval the father who had grimly ruled him and used him has made a fortune and died; his disagreeable sister has married; his comparatively amiable sister has become his housekeeper; his chief friend at school has developed into a doctor; his aunt, a handsome, intolerably voluble embodiment of commonplace, has reached her sixtieth birthday; and the English newspapers have chronicled the deaths of the Duke of Clarence, Cardinal Newman and Mr. Parnell, and the vagaries of Mr. Gladstone—Clayhanger and his friends hearing of these events with no especial disturbance of mind, being occupied with their own affairs. Mr. Bennett is not the first to perceive that it is thus that all but a favored few of the race of man live, no matter how highly civilized their time. The Psalmist and his son, and he who sang of Troy, tell the same story, but their readers flatter themselves with the theory that they are not of the amorphous mass. Mr. Bennett rudely shakes this belief, shakes it to the point of destroying it, and piques his reader to continue the tale in hope of the interesting moment, and when it comes receives his homage. What he cannot do is to send his reader forth in search of gallant adventure; to fill him with charitable cynicism; to inspire him to reform abuses; to make him perceive the complexities of modern mental processes. He is no Scott, or Stevenson, or Thackeray, or Dickens, and he is not Mr. Henry James, but he is evidently to be the founder of a school. He intends to enlarge his own class there by next year publishing a novel giving the history of Clayhanger's wife up to the day of her marriage with him, and later by a chronicle of their married life, and already the sale of this story presages the success of both the others. E. P. Dutton & Co.